

Over 650,000 Copies  
Sold Every Week

Registered in Australia for  
transmission by post as a  
newspaper.

APRIL 13, 1946

PRICE

3d.

# The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**





# Six interesting women ...

## who know how to beat "OLD MAN 'FLU'"



**SKATING STAR.** Wendy Lee, young attractive skating star, finds skating both a sport and a joy requiring physical fitness and stamina above average. She said: "A steaming hot cup of Bonox is just the thing to keep in perfect trim."



**SWIMMING COACH.** Mrs. Alma Sauter, coach at the Melbourne City Baths, says: "You can understand how cold I get during winter, but Bonox sees me through. There's nothing like a hot cup of delicious Bonox to warm you up and keep 'flu away.'"



**ACTRESS:** Golden-haired Joan Ashton waits for her cue in the cold, draughty "wings" of the theatre. "It's cold one minute, hot the next," says Joan, "yet it is extremely unusual for me to catch cold. A cup of hot Bonox now and then keeps 'flu away.'"



**RADIO ENGINEER:** When Helen Lavender is in charge of the control panel during transmission of a radio session, she says, "It's pretty tiring at times, so I have a cup of hot Bonox instead of morning and afternoon tea. It gives me new pep."



**CONDUCTRESS:** Charming Veronica Albrecht collected war-time tram fares with a smile. Said Veronica, "It's tough going sometimes, especially on cold, wet days. But steaming hot Bonox when I get home soon puts a cheerful side on things."



**PRETTY ICEBERG:** Yes, Dorn Fraser is an iceberg. "Br-r-r!" says that thermometer . . . but it doesn't worry Dorn. Winter or summer, she never misses her early morning dip. "A cup of hot Bonox soon warms me up inside," says Dorn.



### Something New in Sandwiches!

You'll find that Bonox spread lightly over your buttered bread is a happy mixer with celery, tomato, lettuce and shredded cheese — with a dash of pepper and salt to taste. As for savouries . . . you just can't make enough when you use Bonox. They disappear as fast as you make them.

# BONOX

*gives you a LIFT!*



Bonox is a popular pick-me-up these days. Bonox pours new strength into the bloodstream . . . builds up resistance to cold and 'flu germs. A cup of hot Bonox gives you a lift . . . combats chill and that tired feeling. Makes you feel good too. You can go through this winter the safe way—with daily cups of Bonox . . . drink it steaming hot. It's good for you.



# Days and Nights

By . . .

**KONSTANTINE SIMONOV**

**C**APTAIN SABUROV, young veteran of the Russian War, comes with his battalion to besieged Stalingrad. He talks with ANYA, a nurse, while they are being transported across the Volga, then rescues her when their steamer is sunk.

Reporting to COLONEL PROTSENKO, Saburov is ordered to recapture three apartment houses from the Germans while LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BABCHENKO drives them back from a factory settlement.

In a makeshift command post set up by his orderly, PETYA, Saburov issues his own orders. His Chief of Staff, MASLENNIKOV, is to remain in reserve, while GORDIENKO and PARFENOV, his officers, attack the left and right hand houses respectively. He himself will take the most difficult objective, the centre house, approach to which is an open square devoid of cover.

The attacking parties set forth in the darkness.

NOW READ ON—

**S**TEALTHILY in the darkness, Captain Saburov moved forward with his unit across the square toward the house which was his objective. Fifty or sixty steps he took in silence, in his excitement holding his breath as if the Germans might hear him breathe.

Then all at once from the German side there clattered a burst of rifle fire. First, tracer bullets flew obliquely across the square, and then, one after the other, two small white rockets exploded and for a few seconds lit up a section of the square with the black shadow of the fountain in front of him and men to his right and left.

At this unexpected flash everyone hit the hard, paved ground. Saburov got up again and lunged forward. Behind him, answering the German shots, could be heard the Russian mortars. Over their heads, from both directions, so many tracer bullets could be seen that the idea came suddenly to Saburov—some of them must be colliding in the air.

From this point on, both time and life were measured only in metres.

Time after time Saburov stood up, raised his men, ran several steps, and again fell flat on his face on the paving. Soon the German mortars began to fire. Their shells burst first in front of them and then behind, ploughing up the paving. The rain had stopped, then it began to pour again, and the rumble of the thunder mixed with the explosions of the shells.

One shell went off very near. Saburov threw himself forward, falling, hurting himself painfully, and when he lifted himself up a second later, he clutched something standing in front of him. In a flash of lightning he saw that he was holding on to the fountain, clutching in his hand a little stone statue of a child. The head and half the torso of the child had been carried away by a shell, and Saburov was holding on to it by its stone leg.

This large round fountain, serving temporarily as cover, now proved to be an unexpected obstacle. No matter how frightening it was to stay here, it seemed even more terrifying to go on across the hundred



metres which still separated the attackers from the wall of the apartment house itself.

None of the men wanted to leave this shelter. They lay along the base of the fountain and for a short while could not make up their minds to move farther. Several times Saburov moved forward beyond the fountain, dragging his men with him, and then returning for others. Machine-gun fire kept them pressed more and more tightly to the ground. So far, there had been almost no losses.

"Listen to that noise!" said a voice near Saburov the next time they flattened themselves on the ground. "Listen to that noise!" the voice repeated. Saburov recognised Konyukov, the Guardsman who had been through the first World War.

"Is it worse than it was in the other German war?" he asked, turning his face, but still not lifting his head from the ground.

"No," Konyukov said. "No, it isn't. But will there be any barbed wire?"

"Why have you stayed here?" Saburov asked, eyeing the woman and her children in amazement.

"There shouldn't be."

"Well, it's all right, then. In that war, they sometimes strung as many as twelve rows of wire. You cut it and cut it, but there was always more to cut," Konyukov said in the quiet voice of a man just getting ready to start a long story. At that moment a shell exploded and they both hugged the ground.

"Come on," Saburov yelled when a German machine-gun, firing blind, had swung its fire somewhere to the left of them. Again they ran forward several steps.

It went on like this for perhaps five minutes. Saburov, with mixed feelings of fright and satisfaction, realised that he had done as he had hoped to do and had taken the blow on himself, so that probably during the same time his two officers, Gordienko and Parfenov, in command of the other two units, had managed to sneak up unnoticed

through the ravines and back courtyards to the houses on both sides of the square.

On the last fifty metres he did not have to pull anyone along with him. After having waited through one more burst of machine-gun fire, they all dashed forward at once to the wall of the courtyard, which could now be seen in front of them, a safe harbor.

Whatever was there—Germans, demons, devils—it would be better, happier, and less frightening than this naked square across which they had been dragging themselves. They were all unaccountably seized and thrown forward by the desire to seize something with a bayonet, to reach out a hand and feel a German.

When at last Saburov came up to the wall of the house, he saw that the first-floor window was very high. His orderly, Petya, came up and hoisted him on his shoulder. Saburov

clutched the window sill with one hand and with all his strength threw a heavy anti-tank grenade through the window. Then he fell back down to the street.

Inside could be heard a heavy explosion. Petya again lifted Saburov, who sat astride the sill and reached down his hand to his orderly. The latter climbed up, reached down his hand to someone else, and together all three men slipped through the window into the house. As an extra precaution, copying a trick he had learned at the beginning of the war from the Germans, Saburov fired a burst with his tommy-gun fanwise from his stomach, without looking.

Someone right on top of them screamed. Deep in the room groans could be heard.

Feeling his way, groping, Saburov crossed the room, kicked the door open, and walked into a corridor.

Please turn to page 17



# SURPRISE PACKAGE

By DOROTHY DAVIS

INDIVIDUALS change, the same as everything else. Even his former secretary must have changed to be so late for an appointment. Having arrived at this conclusion, Captain Andrew Duncan looked again at the clock over the lift.

Gwyneth was over an hour late, which reminded him of his wife—his ex-wife, Pat—and not of Gwyneth at all.

There was nothing wrong with meeting Gwyneth, but people would talk if they saw them, knowing the divorce was proceeding. But so far the town seemed populated by strangers. Everything changed—especially people.

He considered calling the office again—his former office, barely a block distant—on the public phone beyond the lift. He got the money out of his pocket, but hesitated. Well, if Gwyneth answered, at least he'd know why she hadn't kept her appointment. If Bob Hutton, his former partner, answered, he could ask what legal matter it was he'd wired about.

But someone was using the phone. The girl's back had that oddly familiar look. It was probably his conscience. Not that he was doing anything wrong.

The girl had barricaded herself in the booth with a pile of bundles. If she shut the door, thought Andy, the light would go on and she could see better. Inefficiency, thy name is Woman . . . except Gwyneth. That was why, when she was late, Andy wondered.

She hadn't sounded normal when he called the office earlier, but then it must have been a shock—his voice after such a long time. He'd been curious to know what case Bob had that was important enough to

telegraph him to get leave and come home as soon as possible, but when Gwyneth answered it went out of his mind. For she recognised him instantly. His pulse still quickened, remembering how her breath caught audibly, at her sudden tense whisper, "Andy."

"Hello, Gwyneth," he said, and "how are you?"

After a second she went on whispering as if someone were in the three-room suite of offices he'd shared with Bob. He thought, "Bob's bound to smell a rat if she goes on like that."

She went right on. "I can't talk here . . . now. Meet me in front of the first-floor elevators at three." Now it was . . . !

"Pardon me, are you Captain Duncan?" It was the floor manager, bowing and smiling.

He got a "Yes" out after a quick glance around.

"A young lady," purred the floor manager, "just telephoned. Something came up . . ."

"I'll talk to her."

"Sorry, she didn't wait. She wants you to meet her in Memorial Park at four-thirty instead."

Memorial Park? That was no place to meet Gwyneth! Old ladies with knitted thingamajigs over their hair-curlers, leading fat dogs. Pigeons cooing and curtsying. Andy had too many memories of Memorial Park into which Gwyneth didn't fit.

He asked, "You're sure she said Memorial Park?"

The floor manager was sure, so Andy moved away. There was nothing else to do. But . . . Memorial Park! The setting was wrong. He seamed with justifiable anger.

He straight-armed the heavy front door, and a girl behind him cried, "Oh, thank you!"



She turned sideways, trying to edge past him with her load.

She turned sideways to get her packages past him, though she was small enough. Her eyes, meeting his squarely, shamelessly bold, were as blue as he recalled, as blue as the idiotic fringe of feathers round her hat.

"Hello," said Pat.

Andy took a tuck in his self-control. If he smiled, she'd smile. In fact her scarlet lips were twitching upward. But Andy wasn't having any. She was divorcing him, wasn't she? He looked at her coldly, and down at the bundles, many of which could have been combined for ease and neatness. She added fuel to his rage. Had she seen him waiting, stood up, humiliated?

He saluted, letting the door swing back viciously.

"Oh!" she cried. Then, "Catch it! Oh!"

Andy was ready to swear in court that the door didn't so much as tick the corner of one of the bundles, but a paper sack came flying through the air. He didn't look at her as he picked it up.

"Are they ruined?" she asked. Reluctantly, since it was obvious she had no hands for the task, Andy uncrinkled the sack and looked in. Sticky brown chocolate cakes. A spicy-warm fragrance assailed him. He closed the sack. "All right," he grunted, and wondered where he could hang it on her.

She tried to shift the load to free a hand. "You take the hat-box," she instructed, "and I'll take the cakes. No, because then the glass ash tray will slip. It's under my arm. I'd give you the box with the dressing-gown but I've got my wrist through the string and it might break. Besides, it's only my old hat, so it wouldn't matter if it fell, would it?"

Out of this, Andy gathered that she was wearing the new hat home and would trust him with the other. But there was still the problem of the ashtray and she dropped a scarlet glove. As he stooped to retrieve that, an oblong sharp-cornered box fell, knocking his cap over his eyes.

"Sorry," she said. Then she laughed. "Oh, please, Andy, laugh too. It is funny. You know it is," she insisted. "Here I am, doing my shopping and carrying parcels and . . . and . . ."

There was that about her . . . you had to laugh when she did, or strangle. Andy tried to hold down to a chuckle, but she laughed again. And every time she laughed, something else fell, or a string broke with worse results.

Customers going through the doors jostled and bumped them. In the end Andy had all the packages under control in his own arms and

Pat was rummaging in her oversize bag.

"I know I have one," she said. "A hanky, I mean." Then illogically, she added, "Aren't you ashamed to make me laugh like that?" She accepted his handkerchief and wiped the tears that spangled her thick lashes. Andy couldn't help but see that she wasn't wearing any ring on her left hand.

He intended to end this idiotic conversation, but before he could

pass the packages to her she started up the street. He almost dumped the load and left her to her fate. It wasn't, he told himself, a matter of personal opinions pro or con; it was a choice between behaving like an officer and a gentleman and carrying parcels. The rule book forbade carrying parcels. Being an officer and a gentleman seemed to allow more latitude.

Please turn to page 23



"If many more people fit PHILIPS 100 watts, the housing position will indeed be desperate."

Efficient illumination is ghastly for ghosts. Spooks don't like the clear, steady, all-revealing light of the kind of lamp that PHILIPS sell. So bear in mind this moral . . .

The soundest rule for the avoidance of ghostly, eye-straining light is to make a PHILIPS 100 WATT LAMP your minimum whenever you want to see the things you WANT to see!

PHILIPS ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.

## THERE'S COMFORT . . THERE'S VALUE IN THESE GOLF SHOES

### LADIES' GRAINED CALF FLEXIBLE SOLE SHOES

Here are the most comfortable golf shoes you've ever played in. The sturdy but pliable grained-calf uppers caress your feet, while the flexible rubber soles are stitched down and so are repairable. In sizes and half-sizes from 2 to 8.



### MEN'S GRAINED CALF FLEXIBLE SOLE SHOES

Smartness and long-wearing comfort go together in these real grained-calf golf shoes for MEN. The moulded rubber soles are stitched down and are easily repairable. Available in sizes and half-sizes from 5 to 11.



POST IN YOUR ORDER NOW!

It's easy to shop by mail from C. F. CHRISTMAS—just send your name, address, size of foot and enclose a postal note for the amount and the shoes will be sent to you by return mail POST FREE.

**C. F. Christmas**

SHOES Est. 1870

THE BLOCK, 246 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE

Also at 452 Toorak Road, Toorak

CAF-2



# GOLD IN YOUR BACKYARD

By NEWLIN B. WILDES

**T**HAT evening my mother had that look. It means she has an idea. She had it all the time we were washing the dinner dishes.

"What is the matter with you?" Debby said.

"Nothing," mother replied, but smiled slyly.

We went into the living-room. Father was reading his paper. Mother took a magazine from her darning basket and turned the pages slowly. The look came back. Debby and I watched her. Debby is my sister.

"It says here," mother began a little warily, "that you can make quite a lot of money very easily. Right in your own backyard. It says—"

My father looked up quickly. He frowned, and his mouth had the quirk which says he expects the worst. "Out of what," he said, "can you make money?"

"Why," said mother, "out of this kind—this very special kind of—of rabbits. They—"

"Rabbits!" father broke in violently. "Great green perpendicular grief! Rabbits!" He got up and ran his hands through his hair, and looked very wild. Then he tried to calm himself. Debby and I just watched and snickered a little.

"Now look, Joe," he said—he calls my mother "Joe," although it is not her name. "Now look. Fun is fun and all that. Animals are fine. We have animals. We have the ponies and the dogs and the cats. They are all very fine. But we have enough animals. We do not need any more. Honestly, we don't! And of all things, we don't want any rabbits!" His voice went up sort of frantic at the end, as if he knew it was very hard to reason with my mother about animals. Which it is.

"But these are Angora rabbits," said mother. "You clip them and get so much a pound for the wool. They use it in filers' suits and things. There is a great demand for it."

"I think it would be wonderful," Debby said, looking at the magazine. One advertisement said, "White Gold in Your Backyard." My mother had checked that advertisement.

"If I had these rabbits," she said, "I would not have to have any extra money for our holidays. I wouldn't have to ask you for money."

My father settled in his chair and shook the paper violently. He snorted. Then he popped up again. "Of course," he said, "these rabbits don't cost anything to start with. They're free!"

"Oh," mother said blandly, "I'll manage about that."

Father straightened in what is always a sort of last futile stand. "All right," he said, "but just remember this." He gleamed at her fiercely. "Just remember that you will positively not want any money for the holidays. Remember that. And remember this, too: I personally am not going to have anything to do with any rabbits. Nothing. You understand?"

"I understand it perfectly," my mother said; "no holiday money, and no help from you. I won't need either."

The rabbits arrived in ten days. Three of them—two does and a buck. I think my mother was really worried about getting them, because they cost quite a lot. I think she would have liked to forget the whole thing. Except that my father had made such a point of it. So that she couldn't give in. We went down to the station to get the rabbits. They were white, with lovely long hair. Mr. Tetus, the porter, helped us put the crates in the car. Mr. Tetus is quite old and limps. "Pretty little things," he said. "You eat them?"

My mother said no. She went on and told Mr. Tetus about their fur and all that you got for it, and how it was needed for filers' suits, and the cold

countries. Mr. Tetus seemed quite interested. We went home with the rabbits.

"What are you going to keep them in?" I asked.

Mother's magazine showed some very nice hutches. Quite elaborate. "It says they should have wire-mesh floors and a good roof, and be about four feet off the ground," Debby said, looking up from the magazine. "We haven't anything like that."

"We will make some," mother said determinedly.

"Good," Debby said. "Can I saw? What about timber and—wire and things?"

We had to go back to the shopping centre for those. My mother paid for them out of her house-keeping money.

**A**LL the timber was nice and new, and it nailed well. But when the first hutch was together, there was something the matter with it. It wobbled, and one corner of the roof seemed much too high, and the door was too small for the space we had allowed. We stood back and looked at it.

"I think we got the supports mixed," my mother said. "Both the long ones should have gone in front."

"Maybe father could—" I began.

"Never mind about your father," mother said quite sharply. "I'll build these myself. Help me nail it up against the side of the shed."

We got it up. We braced it with sticks and things. It wobbled very badly. We put one of the rabbits in it, and got into the car to meet our father at the station.

When we all eventually arrived back at our place, my father did not go into the house. He had one of his inspection moods, which means that he goes round looking at things that ought to be done or that we have left messy.

We did not go into the house either—Debby and my mother and I. We followed him silently. After a while, he got

round to where the rabbits and the hutch were. He stopped suddenly.

For a minute he did not say anything. Then he walked very slowly over to the rabbit hutch and pushed it. Gently, but not gently enough. The sticks we had propped up the front of it fell out, and there was a creak of nails in wood, and the whole thing fell down in a great clatter, and the rabbit ran away and under the shed.

My mother looked dismayed and horrified. Debby and I went after the rabbit. When we caught it and crawled out, my father was not there. Nothing was said about rabbits during dinner. It was a vegetable dinner. In fact, nothing much was said about anything. It was an uncomfortable meal.

Straight after breakfast next day my mother started to rebuild the hutch. Debby and I put the rabbits between window-screens on the ground. After a while, my father came out. He had that efficient, get-things-done-and-get-out-of-my-way look.

"I'll take care of this," he said. Mother kept pounding on or round a nail. Her face was very red. Father reached for the hammer. Mother held on to it.

"Go away," she said. Father kept hold of part of the hammer. His face was red, too. "Listen," he said, "do you think I want rickety old cages stuck round this place? I'll take care of it."

They both pulled on the hammer. Then mother looked at us—at Debby and me. She let the hammer go. She stood there for a minute, and then she went on into the house. It was very uncomfortable. My father started to work on the hutch.

He was very grim and efficient and said: "Hand me that, please," and "Hold this" to Debby and me. We did not enjoy it much. But he built a very good hutch. Then he built two more. It took him all day. About five o'clock mother came out and stood in the background, but father did not look at her.

Finally she said: "Thank you very much, Jim," quite meekly. "They are lovely hutches"—as if she wanted to smile and have everything all right again.

Please turn to page 25

"It says they should have wire mesh floors," Debby said, looking up from the magazine.







## Fashion News from Jantzen . . . the

Leave it to Jantzen to put your knitteds right in line with the latest fashion ideas.

This particular pet of a Peplum Jacket is made in gloriously-gleaming, luxuriously soft Wisposheen fabric — and take your eyes off that peplum for a minute to notice the smooth Jantzen tailoring . . . the smart new shoulder line . . . the careful Jantzen attention to details of buttons and stitched belt.

The colours are fashion news too —



Spitfire Red, American Beauty, Lime, Blue Heaven, Rosewood, Californian Green, Honey Bloom, also Navy and Black. Style 250. Sizes: 32-38. Price 49/- Sorry, stocks are very limited.

*Jantzen makes for men, too.*

Here's one from the 1946 Jantzen range of knitwear for men — just as expertly tailored as only Jantzen can make a cardigan. Unfortunately, stocks are still very, very restricted.



**Jantzen**  
KNITWEAR

*"Finely tailored for perfect fit"*



# The Quiet Beach

By HELEN FRIZELL

**THIS** is the story of a beach house told in three telephone conversations. The little house by the sea was planned as a retreat from the city, but time and progress invaded its peace.

**1926**... YES, we have a little shack there. Weatherboard, and nearly all verandah. The children simply run wild—even more so than usual. Do your two ever behave like mine?

I'm sure no other mother I know has to put up with half as much. Not that that worries me down there. Not a house for miles—that's the glory of it.

No, we'll never be built out. The one thing I've always wanted—SPACE. Little Paul and Wynne simply run wild. Think of it—sand, surf, sea shells, sea breezes, scrub, serenity.

Time to reflect (in between the washing and cooking, of course).

What do I reflect on? Well, I have sometimes thought that being a nudist would be very simple as far as the laundry was concerned.

The store is a drawback. Three miles away. We did intend to catch fish for all meals but there seems to be something wrong with the tide. Spring or King at the moment. Anyway the fish won't bite and the family all complain that they are tired of thinned salmon, and powdered milk on their cereal. But

as we're true nature-lovers, what does that matter?

Ah, sunrise, sunburn, sunset! Doesn't the salt sea air stir your British blood? The only trouble here is that I associate it with calamine lotion and sunburn cream, but then they didn't have those in our nation's past, did they?

Do come down for the next weekend. The state of the track? The car may get bogged; we made the track ourselves, hewed it from the jungle practically. Anyway, if you're fit it's only a three-mile walk. And if you don't want to do that too often remember to bring your own food!

+ + +

**1936**... NO, it's not a little shack now. We call it "The Retreat." Unusual, don't you think?

We had it modernised, too. Just the simple Spanish style, pink walls, and such quaint tiles on the roof. Like bits of colored drainpipe.

The palm trees we planted are quite tall now, and really with the moon shining through them at night... it just leaves me speech-

less. Not so quiet as it was years ago, dear. I'm glad there is a little settlement here and another store.

The house is full of Paul's and Wynne's friends. Rowdy rather—they will play records all hours of the night. And there is one particularly noisy crooner they adore, name of Bing.

There's nothing primitive here, either. Surf sheds and a concrete esplanade. But give me a long, unbroken stretch of sand and the mewling of the gulls. (Keep quiet, Paul, I can't hear myself think.)

Yes, just a smooth, white curve of beach and the joy of sitting watching the foam shining as it blows back from the breakers. I have to walk to the headland to see that, of course.

The new lifesaving team here practises on the sand so often that I don't suppose one square inch is untrodden by hefty masculine feet. They are full of energy, must run a mile each night, and usually the training centre seems to be here. The attraction may be Wynne, I think.

Are you bringing the car down on Sunday? That's nice and don't bother about food. We've plenty. No one goes short.

+ + +

**1946**... I WON'T talk for long, so tired I'm dropping with weariness. I never want to see another string bag or bus queue as long as I live.

You know the train line runs in front of "The Retreat." So noisy, and the electric trains come in every ten minutes. Every week-end trippers from town come littering the place with prawn shells and ice-cream cones.

Most extraordinary looking types, too. Dressed in midriffs and bedroom slippers shuffling like morons up and down the main street. Hardly any of our locals go down to the beach on Saturday or Sunday, there simply isn't room for them.

The local shops have made a good profit out of it. Hamburger joints, postcard shops, views of the surf, and chemists selling canvas bathing caps and tinea powder.

Did you know I've got the two families here? Wynne's and Paul's. The babies scream all night. Sometimes I feel like joining in myself. There is a Fun Fair down in the local park and the merry-go-round goes round. I'm far from joking.



cracking. What's more, the paint on the house is also. I can't understand why we ever had the walls painted pink. It has a most abandoned effect, positively dispirited, and there is absolutely nothing we can do to have it renovated.

The Army had it for two years, and their treatment of it was not exactly gentle, if you understand. Then the Spotters and A.R.P. shared it. Every time you went into your kitchen there would be a strange man in it who said he was watching for Mitsubishi. They all seemed to like their cups of tea, too.

The palm trees fell (two) when the air-raid shelter caved in. I'm glad we never had to use it. After all our sweat and effort we found we had built it under the outlet pipe of the water tank, and, of course, after the season's first rain it just looked like the catchment area at its best.

What I really wanted to know is: May I come up and spend the weekend with you? The peace of the city on Sunday, no crowds, and the quiet tree-lined streets. And naturally I shall bring my ration coupons!

Shrill female screams on the rocket cars and crashing sounds from the dodge'ems.

Every week there is a grand game of 'house'. A man with leather lungs screams "Come'n play 'ouse, 'ouse. Don't be lousy."

Then he finds rhymes for all the numbers up to 99.

I tell you, dear, my nerves are

## GOT ONE TOO!



If you hound the doorstep of your nearest Tasma retailer, it won't be long before you too will "click" for the new post-war Tasma "Baby"... the radio which is exciting even those people who knew in advance that Tasma was producing something "out of the box". See your Tasma dealer, maybe he can let you have a Tasma right away... if not it should only be a matter of weeks.

### Tasma

DETAIL-BUILT RADIO

THOM & SMITH PTY. LTD.

## The World of Fashion

### TURN TO THE NEW JERSEY APPAREL

\* WONDOFLEX DOES NOT CREASE  
\* WONDOFLEX DOES NOT SAG OR PULL

\* AVAILABLE IN A VARIETY OF TEXTURES

### "WONDOFLEX" Duo-Texture Jersey

FROM LEADING SALONS IN SUITS AND FROCKS



## Flower fresh Truly feminine



Subtle... lingering... appealing, Swan of Avon Eau-de-Cologne and Swan of Avon Old English Lavender are as fresh and fragrant as the breath of a garden at dawn.

## SWAN OF AVON Eau-de-Cologne AND Old English Lavender

At all chemists and department stores.



# Plan to cut your Kitchen Time with 3 **Hotpoint** work centres



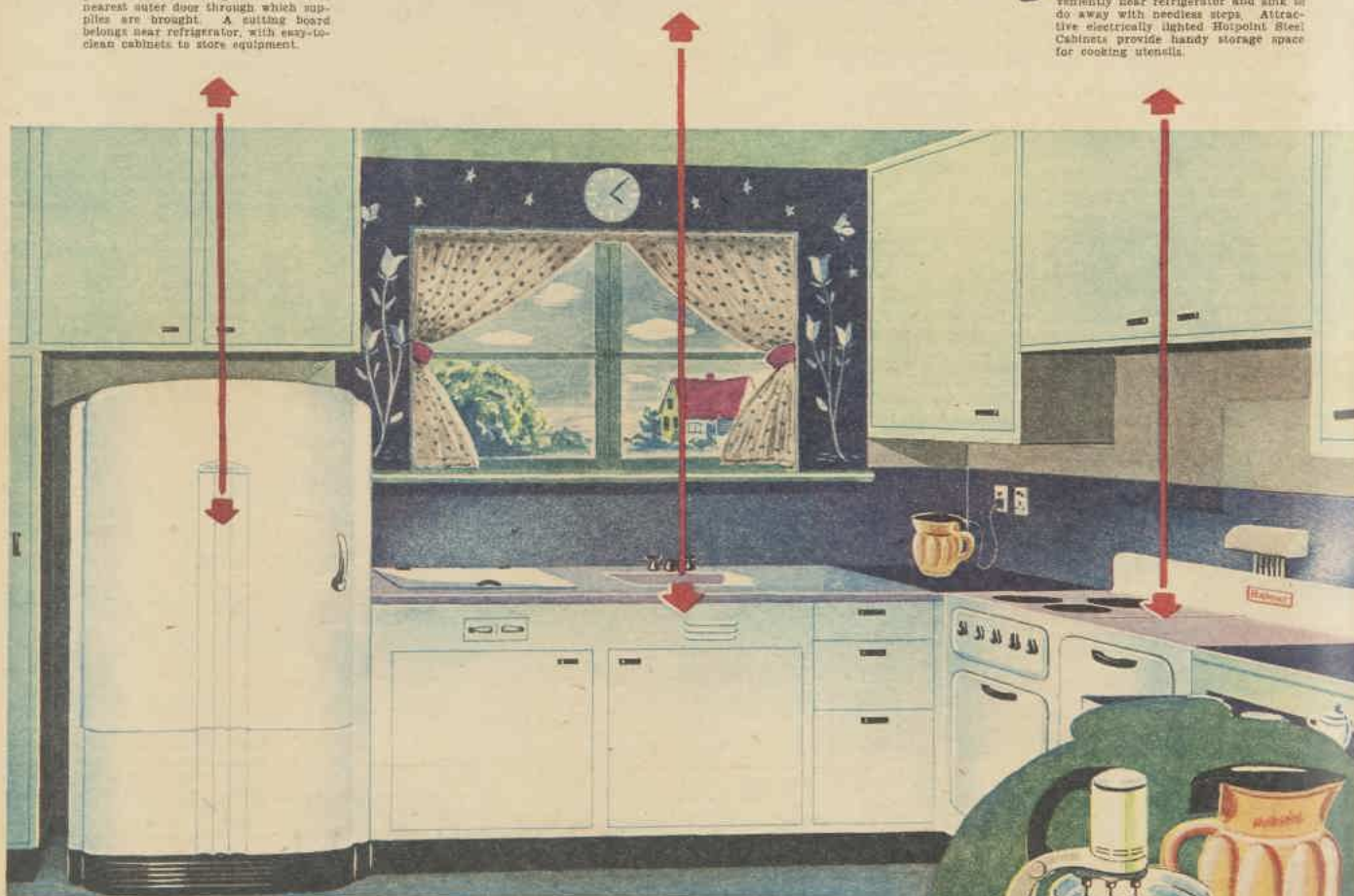
**1 FOOD STORAGE CENTRE.** Cut down unnecessary steps by placing your Hotpoint Electric Refrigerator on side nearest outer door through which supplies are brought. A cutting board belongs near refrigerator, with easy-to-clean cabinets to store equipment.



**2 DISHWASHING CENTRE.** To save work, this unit should be placed between the other two centres. Dishes are washed hygienically clean by the Hotpoint Automatic Dishwasher. Food waste is whisked away electrically by Hotpoint Garbage Disposal.



**3 COOKING CENTRE.** Your Hotpoint Electric Range should be installed conveniently near refrigerator and sink to do away with needless steps. Attractive electrically lighted Hotpoint Steel Cabinets provide handy storage space for cooking utensils.



When the time comes and Hotpoint Electrical appliances are available again, your planned kitchen can be a model of convenience by fitting each new electrical servant in a general scheme. Hotpoint work centres—

a system of arranging kitchens to cut time and work—are the modern way to increase the efficiency of appliances. Take steps now. Plan and scheme a kitchen that will be a lifelong investment for family welfare . . . plan, too, for the time when you can specify labour-saving Hotpoint Electrical appliances.



## Hotpoint

E L E C T R I C S E R V A N T S

Advertisement of AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC PROPRIETARY LIMITED





# TO JAPAN aboard Australian hospital ship



Our correspondent travels with 130th A.G.H. staff on Manunda

By DOROTHY DRAIN

Staring up at the hospital ship Manunda as she lay at Darling Harbor, Sydney, I should have been reflecting on the adventure of sailing in her to Japan.

After all, it is only four years since I feared my next trip would be on the road to Alice Springs before the invaders.

BUT all I could think of was a book on travel by Stephen Leacock, who pointed out that departing on a trip is never as it is painted.

What the traveller is really thinking about, said Mr. Leacock, is not the exciting spectacle of the busy port, but what has happened to the luggage.

"How true," I thought a bit later, as I looked at the green-and-white painted hospital ward, with its rows of double-decker iron cots, which was to be home for the next couple of weeks for sisters, Aamws officers, Red Cross Field Hospital officers, and myself—14 all told.

"We're clearing the Heads," someone called.

I took a perfunctory look, and wondered how a more than normally untidy female was to make out among women with Army training when it came to hanging clothes on the end of a cot and stowing ports beneath.

Also for the careful Hats of what to take on an overseas tour!

Was there a piece of string in my luggage? No.

Major Elsie Abrahams, Melbourne pathologist in the A.A.M.C., who had the cot above me, had already found a place to string a little line at night for washing (removed, of course, in the morning).

When the old campaigners moved to a hospital in the Islands, most of the girls took hammer and nails as well. These, thank goodness, aren't needed on a ship.

In the afternoon there was the chance of sunset over the New South Wales coast, or the last race in Sydney broadcast over the ward amplifiers.

I passed up both these pleasures in the frenzy of retying my tie for dinner.

Sister Phil Zillman, in a nearby cot, gave it a tug born of long experience.

After all, I had not long recovered from hearing myself described as "Serial Six" on an Army Movement Order.

And after six years from the outside, I had thought I knew something about the Army.

As for ships, I'd been up and down the coast in the days when Manunda, Kambla, Manoora and the rest

meant only a pleasant week-end—before they became part of a thousand-war dramas.

But a hospital ship, with its close-knit organisation of seafaring ways and Army hospital, is another matter altogether.

Battering away in the dayroom of an empty ward, with the Coral Sea swishing by in the port-hole reflection, I was collected enough to reflect that it was a good thing I'd seen flying-fish and porpoises before.

There were flying-fish to be seen, so I heard. But I hadn't had time to look at them.

"What will you write about?" a pretty sister asked me.

To these girls, who have worked in the sands of El Kantara, the mud of New Guinea and the Islands, and on hospital ships, who have travelled on blacked-out troopships, a trip like this in peacetime isn't a novelty.

But there were a hundred stories aboard. It's a good thing that after we left the New South Wales coast there wasn't any coast to watch for a few days. Or it was for me.

ON DECK of hospital ship Manunda, four of the Aamws now in Japan. Left to right: Betty Woodwell (Goulburn, N.S.W.), Joan Brown, Ethel Ross (Leeton, N.S.W.), Pat Fitton (Randwick, N.S.W.).

## About

### Dorothy Drain

DOROTHY DRAIN is a senior reporter on the staff of The Australian Women's Weekly. In order to provide first-hand news of Australians serving with the British Commonwealth Occupation Force in Japan, we have sent her to write a series of articles for us.

She is the first woman correspondent to see the Australian force in this area.

Her first two stories, about the trip to Japan, appear on this and the next page.

There was, in fact, such novelty in the first few days that I didn't share in the introductory seasickness—or, anyway, I blamed it on the steamer.

Around the deck where the Aamws sat, knitted miles of wool and wrote letters, you could hear about camp and hospital life all over Australia.

Or sitting by the three interpreters, W/O Maria da Costa, Joyce Crane, and Mary Monk, hear about Japan

as it was before the war, for all of them have lived there.

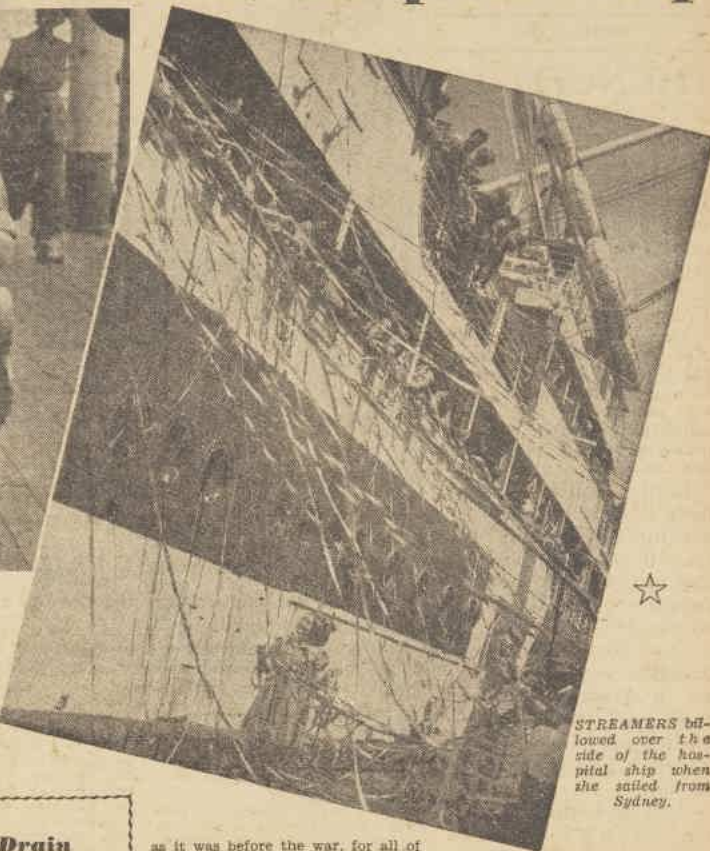
Dressing for dinner—or rather, speaking personally, trying to centre my belt buckle under my tunic buttons, and straighten my tie again—you could marvel at the easy co-operation with which trained women live in a confined space.

(And no one except me, I think, has ever created the diversion of walking off to dinner in someone else's shoes.)

Passing the dental section on B Deck you might see an Aamws having a filling—for a hospital ship is a complete floating modern hospital. Or at the nearby R.A.P., ready for any emergency, watch the daily sick parade.

In the empty ward where I typed I found Sisters Jean Engelbrecht and E. M. Wright, new to hospital ship work, though with long land experience, practising making up the double-decker cots.

Even though it is peacetime, the empty wards are always ready for any emergency; as is every department of the hospital.



STREAMERS followed over the side of the hospital ship when she sailed from Sydney.

Beside me on the deck writing letters the other night was Sister Isabel Walters, of New South Wales, who helped nurse the "Burns Boys" after the Darwin raid.

There were pictures that night, but there was more drama to listen to among the passengers—and pictures can be seen on land.

Aboard as passengers were 170 people, including medical officers, sisters, Aamws, and male orderlies who will staff 130th A.G.H. at Eta Jima Island, near Kure.

As well there was the ship's hospital, headed by the O/C, troops, Lieut.-Colonel T. W. Freeman, A.A.M.C., of Sydney.

Matron of the ship, Matron M. M. Mullane, of Newcastle, and her second-in-charge, Sister Eleanor Brogan, of Moruya, N.S.W., served together in the Middle East and New Guinea.

Matron Mullane, making her first trip in the Manunda, was matron of the Wanganella, when it brought prisoners out of Kuching.

Sister Brogan was on the Manunda staff when they made the two trips to Singapore for prisoners.

"When you work at sea," they said, "with a full load of patients, you forget you are at sea, sometimes for hours on end."

"At times we mightn't get out on the boat deck for a breath of sea breeze for a week."

There was plenty of traditional shipboard entertainment for the passengers—sports, afternoon house, dances, fancy-dress ball, and Crossing the Line ceremony.

One afternoon there was a race meeting, with broadcast commentary by the quarter-master-sergeant W/O Douglas Piper.

I was among the riders in the "Fujiyama Fillies" Flit, but a rank outsider.

Lieut. Joan Bennett, A.A.M.W.S., romped home, with Captain Flora McNab, O/C. A.A.M.W.S., a close second.

"Fancy having nothing to do for three weeks," the girls back in Sydney said before I left.

It depends what you call nothing to do; there was hair to be washed, before the water was chlorinated; a little matter of some starching and ironing of safari jackets.

Perhaps on the trip home I will take time off to look for those flying-fish.



ON THE GANGWAY, three Queensland nursing sisters. Left to right: Pat Geraghty (Cairns), Phil Zillman (Asco), Mary Duffield (Palmwood).



THREE of the sisters who will staff the 130th A.G.H. Left to right: Sisters Jean Annear (W.A.), Jennie Williamson (W.A.), and Isabel Walters (N.S.W.).



# Editorial

APRIL 13, 1946

## THE NUFFIELD AFFAIR

THE delay and difficulties experienced by Lord Nuffield in his efforts to set up a million-pound motor industry in Australia must be alarming to every citizen of the Commonwealth.

Though it is natural for New South Wales to mourn the loss and South Australia to applaud the gain of such an enterprise, the really important thing is that the industry is to be established here at all.

Lord Nuffield might have decided to pack up his million pounds and take it and his team of executives to some country where the going was easier.

Lord Nuffield's time is valuable—so is his interest in Australia, already evidenced by his distribution of iron lungs to hospitals and other benefactions.

And he is not the only overseas industrialist with plans for Australian branches.

These plans may well make a vital difference in the degree of prosperity enjoyed by Australia in the next few years.

They would certainly create thousands of jobs, an important consideration to those who care about the rehabilitation of returned servicemen and service-women.

The people of every State in Australia hope that the affair of Lord Nuffield will have at least this result—that every Member of Parliament of whatever party, every public official, and every private business man will do anything he can to smooth the path of overseas business men showing interest in this country.

The next generation, as well as this, will have cause to thank them.



CAPT. S. BRADLEY, A.A.M.C., quartermaster; oldest Army inhabitant of the Manunda.



"CHIPPY", ship's carpenter, John Mildon, came out in the ship from Scotland.



FIRST OFFICER, Mr. J. Martyn, was decorated when serving as an R.N. Reservist during last war.

## Life story of a brave ship

### Manunda's old inhabitants have many stirring memories

By DOROTHY DRAIN

When you want to hear the story of a town you go to the old inhabitants.

It is the same way with a ship—except that when you begin to look for old inhabitants, you learn not only the ship's history but enough personal stories to fill a novel.

REMINISCENCES from those on board the Manunda set me looking for the men who had known the ship longest.

I went farther and farther back until I found someone who I think can claim to have known the Manunda longest of all.

That was Mr. Jimmie Cameron, of Brisbane, greaser in the engine-room, who saw the keel laid at Dalnair on the Clyde, back in 1928.

Then there are Harry Spooner, the bosun, and Chippie, the ship's carpenter (Mr. John Mildon, of Sydney), who live in nearby cabins aft, and who both came out in the ship from Scotland; and Mr. H. Engledow, chief steward, who sailed on her maiden voyage on the Australian coast in 1929.

There is Captain Sydney Bradley, A.A.M.C., the quartermaster, who helped supervise her conversion as a hospital ship in 1940, and is thus the member longest aboard of the Army staff.

The quartermaster-sergeant, W.O. Douglas Piper, joined her with the first hospital unit.

All of these, and two engineers, two electricians, and three stewards have served aboard throughout the war.

### Carried prisoners

THEY all have two things in common: admiration of the women—A.A.N.S. sisters and Aamws, who have staffed her and travelled aboard—and a general agreement that the most vivid memory of all was carrying prisoners of war home from the two trips to Singapore last year.

The master of the vessel, Captain S. Webb English-born, was in command when she reached Singapore proudly as the first Australian ship there after VE-Day.

He, two years master of the

Manunda, has been 50 years at sea, saw war service first as a young officer in a British troop-carrier in the Boer War; was first mate of a ship carrying Australians to the Mediterranean in World War I, and has been 37 years with the Adelaide Steamship Company.

His first officer, Mr. J. Martyn, of Sydney, was decorated when serving as a Royal Naval Reservist in the last war.

### Half a ship

ALL of them have a story to tell when they are willing to talk. Many carry scars from the day she was bombed in Darwin, February 19, 1941, when 13 of her staff, including one sister, were killed and 54 injured.

On that day, with Darwin harbor aflame, with the Manunda reduced to "half a ship," Captain Bradley, the quartermaster, found his only son, A/B. Jack Bradley, in the ward among casualties picked up from the water by the Manunda's boats.

Now back in the merchant service, Jack Bradley was blown into the water from H.M.A.S. Swan.

I heard Captain Bradley's story one day on deck. Fifty-eight, he has seen 42 years' Army service—21 with the British R.A.M.C., which he joined in 1904, and 21 with the A.A.M.C., since he joined the permanent forces of the Australian Army in 1926.

"One day at Netley Military Hospital in England, when I was nearing the end of my time in the British Army," he said, "my wife looked out the window and said 'Syd, let's go back to Egypt, or to Australia, where it's sunny.' So we tossed a coin."

I met Chippie one day when he was telling some Aamws on deck that he liked bad weather, because seasick people don't wash so much, and that saves the fresh-water supply.

I think Chippie liked to see a

crumpled uniform. It showed you were conserving water.

Chippie explained that the term "ship's carpenter" dates from the days of wooden ships, but that much of his work is plumbing and looking after the fresh-water supply.

He, as most seafaring men, likes best to talk of his home in Sydney, but I liked his description of the feeling when a hospital ship has an alert:

"For a few minutes there's noise—ports slamming as everyone goes to his post. Then silence. Up for'ard by the anchors—my post—there'd be nothing but the wind whistling in the rigging, and that was too loud when you were waiting to hear the planes."

Chippie is a thoughtful man. He thinks most people, including himself, were nervous inside in the war days. "Except Harry the bosun," he said. "I just used to take a look at Harry, and I'd be right."

L/Cpl. Mick Jackman, of Brisbane, one of the orderly staff, introduced me to Jimmie Cameron, greaser, and oldest inhabitant. Mick nursed many of his mates after the Darwin raid.

Jimmie, who lives in Teneriffe, Brisbane, doesn't tell his age, but he fought with the Gordon Highlanders in the siege of Ladysmith.

"I've been so long with this ship now," he said, "that I think I'll finish my days at sea on her. Then I'll retire to my home. I'd like to have a bit of home life with my wife and family."

In the canteen was another Scotsman, red-haired John Coggans, from Glasgow, and he came out from Scotland in the Manunda, too.

### Crowded years

THUS, around and about the ship, from the bridge, for'ard and aft, I've heard the story of the Manunda since she made her first trip to the Middle East in October, 1940, seen pictures of her as she looked in Darwin (when, as Chippie said, Providence took a hand as she limped down to Fremantle with her patients aboard); of the battle of Milne Bay, when a Jap ship swung searchlights along her three times, then decided to leave her alone; of trip after trip to New Guinea, the islands, Borneo; and of seeing the released Australian prisoners, including the Sumatra nurses, brought aboard in Singapore.

In my luggage were three novels, but at the end of the voyage they hadn't been opened. The Manunda's was a more enthralling story.

## Interesting People



DR. W. McKie

... Westminster Abbey organist

ACHIEVING a life-long ambition, Australian musician Dr. William N. McKie, formerly of Melbourne, has just become organist at Westminster Abbey. His appointment dates from 1941, but at that time he was in R.A.F. Has just been demobilised. First learned to play the organ in church in Melbourne, where his father was rector. Has been music master at Radley and Clifton Colleges, England, and organist at Magdalen College, Oxford.



MRS. M. E. STONE

... pool of women workers

FOUNDER and president of recently formed Australian Women's Mutual Aid Association, Mrs. M. E. Stone, J.P., of Sydney, aims to assist mothers and expectant mothers in their homes by organising pool of women workers willing to help wherever they are needed. More than 1000 women have already applied for membership in association, which will also co-operate with Government to establish maternity hospitals within reach of every suburban home. Improved transport services, schools and parks are other projects.



REV. W. J. PLATT

... missionary from England

DELEGATE from London for the annual meeting of Commonwealth Council of British and Foreign Bible Society, held in Brisbane, is Rev. W. J. Platt, home secretary of the society, which has agreed to raise £200,000 toward the spiritual reconstruction of Europe. The society hopes Australia will take more responsibility for mission work in Asia. During the war Mr. Platt worked in London's East End, and had charge of an air-raid shelter in dock area.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep.



# Paris is gay again—to win back her tourists

## Cafes, casinos cater for small-budget visitors

Radioed from Paris by ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

All over the world people are waiting to visit Paris. And Paris, Mecca of tourists, is waiting for them.

Though life is by no means back to normal, France plans to entertain its visitors on something of the prewar scale.

**F**OOD problems are dismissed by the planners, and night clubs and cabarets are in full swing again. Luxury shops are gradually filling up with all the novelties so dear to the heart of the visitor who is lucky enough to visit the world's most beautiful city.

As spring approaches, French tourist experts are laying down a plan for reviving the tourist industry, which was once responsible for a large share of the nation's "invisible" exports.

In order that all will enjoy their first postwar visit to France, the number of foreign tourists has been limited to 150,000—only one-sixth of the number of visitors who exchanged their foreign currency for French francs in 1938.

M. Moch, Minister for Works and Transport, who is responsible for control of tourist traffic, says if conditions improve the number may be expanded to 200,000.

This week the tourist office sent out instructions to French Consulates all over the world, laying down the new policy of welcoming tourists.

First tourists are expected in the French capital at Easter.

By this time the "Golden Arrow," one of the world's most famous trains, will have restarted from London to Paris.

It makes its first run a week before Easter Monday, and will take nine hours 45 minutes, or three hours longer than before the war.

As with every other railway in Europe, France's time-lag cannot be abolished until her bridges have been rebuilt or repaired.

Returning to Paris this spring, I could feel the throb of this fascinating city slowly coming back to life again.

Its shops are better stocked, its clothes really smart after the hysterical dressing of the Occupation, its taxis run again, and some of its buses.

The underground railway, the Metro, is a little less crowded, and boulevards are thronged with happy-faced French people. There is only a sprinkling of the uniforms which so dominated the city that even Paris took on a leaden look in the months that followed its liberation.

You can stay again at a little



PARISIANS dance on the pavement near a boulevard cafe, on Bastille Day last year. Paris will present such gay scenes for her first tourists, who are expected soon.

hotel on the Left Bank with any number of fascinating cafes around.

All the ease and friendliness of those who live on the Left Bank have returned since France's art and literature reblossomed after liberation.

France is forsaking its tradition of catering for wealth, and though it costs quite a packet for even the shortest stay the good eating is done in the small restaurants, and the fashionable ones are practically deserted.

In the music halls there is Chevalier singing again in the Casino de Paris, and Tino Rossi at the A.B.C.

Charles Trenet is still entertaining troops in one of the few garrison theatres left in the city. Mistinguett has gone to kick her million-dollar legs less coquettishly at Nice.

Edith Piaf sings in Paris, and the Folies Bergeres are as risqué as ever.

For the more seriously inclined

there is the famous Opera House or the Comedie Francaise; and "La Folle de Chaillet" is playing at the Athenae.

There is ballet at the Theatre des Champs Elysees, symphony orchestras and chamber music at the Salle Gaveau.

Hair-dos and facials, manicures and pedicures are cheap.

The cost of the whole thing, from facial with mud-pack to final tint-

ing of toe and finger nails, with hair-do included, is less than £1.

That includes the tip to Georgette, who practices again her rusty English with tales of the Resistance and how the salon was thronged with over-groomed German officers.

You hear how Georgette and the girls undermined their spirit with "tender" inquiries about their families back in Germany.

And the giggles of the girls as



FLOWER SELLERS' stands make bright patches again in the streets of Paris. Mimosa and roses from the south will be on sale again to tourists.

the wave of homesickness swept over the once swaggering officer as he paid his bill and went out.

Georgette and the girls have many stories of how they made the prize of the Germans—Paris—seem a city of utter loneliness.

Other things, however, are comparatively dear. M. Moch estimates that a tourist stopping at a first-class hotel would spend £3 a day for his room and meals, but could spend considerably less at the more moderately priced hotels and restaurants.

In the country it is different. Food is more plentiful and better prepared.

Ski-ing in the Vosges or at Chamonix will cost considerably less, and the French Riviera, traditional playground for princes and potentates, is going all out for small-budget vacationers.

## Good-bye G.I.s

THE Riviera is now saying a regretful good-bye to American soldiers, who, for the past thirteen months, have been occupying 108 hotels round Nice.

The American Army's Recreation Centre gave steady employment to more than 10,000 Frenchmen, besides access to American rations, which flowed steadily into the black market, helping to some degree with the return to prosperity in this part of France.

Now all but four hotels have been returned to the French.

Two new airports to bring paying guests to the Riviera are being developed at Nice and Cannes.

This famous resort is being planned as an all-the-year-round playground, with three new ski resorts in the nearby Alps.

One can have breakfast and supper under tropical palms and warmed by glaring sunshine in the midst of a profusion of flowers, and still have several hours daily between meals ski-ing in deep snow, with the sun so hot men go bare-back to the waist.

In the gambling casinos permissible bets range from one shilling to £80, but most of the tables cater for five-shilling chip players.

One thing missing now is the magnificent prewar display of furs and jewellery on women.

For that you have to come back to Paris, where Sully charges from £12 to £15 for a hat, where the simplest frock from a model house costs £40, and a net sequin-trimmed ball gown £200.

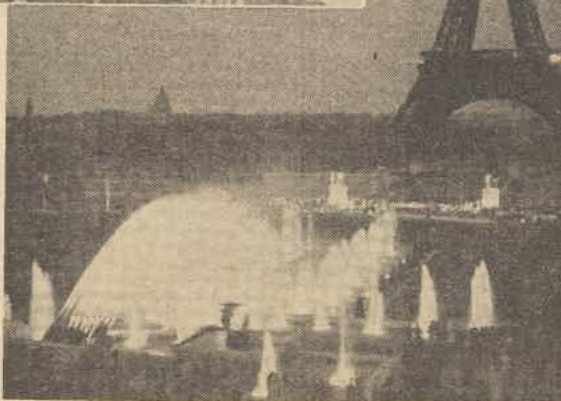
But what clothes! Every Parisienne is a picture this spring if she takes her dressing seriously.

The Paris hat is back, as chic as it ever was, and the daintiest high heels step again down the Rue de la Paix.

These things are dear, but you can taxi-ride right up the Champs Elysees to the Arc de Triomphe and down again for less than two shillings, take a glass of champagne for half-a-crown, or buy a whole bottle of cognac for 25/-.

The visitor can have enough petrol to drive from Paris to Cannes and back again.

France claims you can have a cheaper holiday there than in Sweden, England, Belgium, or the United States, and the only country that can compare from the cost standpoint is Switzerland.



ILLUMINATIONS will highlight Europe's most beautiful city again, to provide more spectacle for visitors.

## Expert back with U.S. ideas for shaping you

"Bosoms are news in America," says Mrs. Lottie Murdoch, foundation garment expert, who has just returned from the United States. "Cheaters and gay-deceiver brassieres are as much part of the average woman's make-up as lipstick, rouge, and nail polish."

**S**OMETHING new in beauty aids," she adds, "is the plush-covered 'separation wire' which many women are wearing in the centre of their brassieres."

Mrs. Murdoch is chief designer for Beisel Ltd.

This was her twelfth trip to America, where she has just spent six months buying material and machinery for her firm.

"Corsets, with their picket fence suggestion, have gone from the foundation world of America," said Mrs. Murdoch.

"Girdles have taken their place, with pantie-girdles a close second."

"Pantie-girdles are growing in popularity. They are worn in the States without panties by the younger women."

"In fact," said Mrs. Murdoch, "the scantie business in America is just wiped."

"Girdles are no longer belt-like

contraptions with dangling suspenders. They are now from 12 to 16 inches wide and have been designed for all figures."

"The foundation garment has evolved till it has become boneless, wireless, and almost seamless."

"Brassieres have changed from the horrible flatteners of the '20's to the 30-dollar (£12 odd) glamor models which New York women are buying to-day."

"Even the 'bobby-soxers,' with their otherwise form-disguising 'Sloppy Joe' sweaters, wear uplift bras."

"The elasticised era is coming," said Mrs. Murdoch, "and it is coming fast."

"Few people have any conception of the strides England has made in the field of materials."

"British and Dutch latex will be available in quantity before synthetic rubber can be produced in bulk in America, and the U.S. will have to buy it."

"If the elasticised era is on the way, the plastics era has already arrived in America."

"Shoes and shower-curtains, furnishings and babies' panties are all made from plastics and they can all be sponged clean in a jiffy."

Mrs. Murdoch brought back with her a white plastic handbag and an ice-blue raincoat.

Speaking of fashion generally, Mrs. Murdoch said the women of America are more than ever fashion-conscious and Hattie Carnegie is their "high priestess."

She is regarded as the exponent of Paris influence in the States.

"The 'Hattie Carnegie look' is the supreme expression of smartness," said Mrs. Murdoch.

"She designs especially for American figures, which are slimmer and more beautiful than ever."

"Every Hattie Carnegie client has her own special salesgirl, and a very good client has a dummy made to her exact measurements."

"To rate your own dummy at Hattie Carnegie's is the social equivalent of owning a racehorse," Mrs. Murdoch added.

"Latest development in New York's fashion war is the production by Hattie Carnegie of her own line of cosmetics."

"Elizabeth Arden's reply has been to turn couturiere!"



MRS. LOTTIE MURDOCH, who has just returned from America.

"Beauty culture is an important part of every American woman's life, and it is not unusual for mere babies of three or four to have a regular shampoo and set."

"They will sit for hours under the drier with all the airs and endurance of a grown-up."



# Woman writer's first book is historical novel

For thirty years, authentic historical records of Australia's earliest settlement have made constant reading for Dorothy Catts, author of the romantic historical novel, "Dawn to Destiny."

The knowledge she gained from these records forms the background of the story of two young Scotsmen, who came to Sydney in Macquarie's time and were given a grant of land at Windsor.

THE records are part of the library at the author's home, "Kookaburra," at Huntley's Point, N.S.W., where she has lived for 30 years.

They are exact reproductions of documents collected by the Andrew Fisher Government, and bound together in 20 volumes. A set of these was presented to Mr. J. H. Catts, husband of the author, when he was a member of Parliament.

These have been an unending source of delight to Dorothy Catts.

Even when she had a family of four small children to look after, she continued to spend as much time as she could each day among these records.

The tales she told her children from the time they were two years old were not fairy stories, but facts from the early history of their own country woven into fascinating dramas.

They became steeped in Australian history, so now they are adults they are able to offer their writer-mother ideas. She discusses her projected books with them, is glad to accept their guidance.

They shared their mother's interest in the production of her first book.

As well as through her reading, Mrs. Catts gained much of her historical knowledge from discussions with such men as W. M. Hughes,

W. A. Holman, Dr. Maloney, King O'Malley, and J. S. T. McGowan, with whom her family were associated in politics.

In one moving, romantic scene in "Dawn to Destiny" Dorothy Catts describes the convict's daughter, lovely Sarah Gardner, dancing at Rose Cottage, Parramatta, as the guest of the Governor, Lachlan Macquarie.

She is taken there by handsome Thor Macross, spirited young Scots landowner, as his partner, but without the Governor's knowledge.

Later in the story Sarah dances again at a ball given by Macquarie, with his full knowledge of who she is.

It is in this way that Dorothy Catts uses the historical fact that Macquarie flouted the convention of the day by entertaining emancipated convicts, causing a commission to be sent from England, which led to his recall.

The idea of utilising her store of knowledge of Australian history in a novel did not occur to Mrs. Catts for a long time. Her inspiration came at last from her aunt, Mary Labatt, of Randwick, N.S.W., who, although nearly 90 years old, has a vivid memory.

"She had discussed with me so often all the troubles of the growing community, and all the heroism, bravery, and splendor of the early days, that I must thank her for whatever atmosphere I have been able to create," Mrs. Catts said.

"Dawn to Destiny" represents five years of solid work.

Once she settled down to write this novel Mrs. Catts took typewritten notes from the old records.

"We each work in our own way, and my way was to pin my notes in little piles on a felt tablecloth which I could roll up at the end of each session. Each little pile of notes represented an episode or a period."

So that she could give more time to her novel, Mrs. Catts resigned from the co-editorship, with Mrs. Hubert Fairfax, of the N.S.W. Country Women's Association's monthly journal, "Countrywoman."

This was only one of her many public activities, for she has led a strenuous public life, being especially interested in politics.

## Future plans

"MY five years' work does not really appear in 'Dawn to Destiny,'" pointed out the author, "for so much had to be left out owing to shortage of space due to wartime paper rationing. But I have been able to utilise it all in my next book, 'Cornerstone'."

"There is an exquisite spirit running through the history of Australia, intangible but real. It is this spirit I have tried to capture. I wanted to see it put between the covers of a book, so that it would be there for posterity."

"One reason why I wanted to write Australian historical romances is because I have always felt there is a certain misconception and injustice in the way many people think about the early colonials."

"I think there is a condescending attitude toward colonials, rather as if they had a stigma in their blood."

"Dawn to Destiny" is easily written, and so readable that young people could have no easier way of assimilating the atmosphere and many salient facts of life in New South Wales while Macquarie held office.

# WORTH Reporting

WE were interested to read a letter belonging to Mrs. A. Jarvis, of King's Plains, via Blayney, N.S.W. It was sent to her family in 1827 from a relative living near Bathurst.

After a discussion on sheep, the writer really gets down to some grim facts.

"We are contemplating having a missionary at Bathurst, a vile, profligate place, one continued course of drunkenness and robberies," says the letter.

"Almost every Sin is Practiced by them, except Murder. Seldom a week passes but the soldiers and constables go past our house to Sidney gaol with Criminals."

Times have changed in 80 years, of course, and so have the Bathurst citizens.

We rather enjoyed comparing this letter with an article which appeared recently in the "Western Times," a Bathurst daily newspaper.

Entitled "News and Comments," by Spotter, and dated March 19, the article begins:

"There is little doubt about Sydney's reputation these days.

"Every day I hear complaints from local people forced to pay a visit to the city, which always has had the reputation of being hard, but which is now becoming known as a veritable home of all the shadiest tricks known in the universe."

"A returned man said to me last week that he is so disgusted with morals, or lack of morals, shown in business life in Sydney, that he is seriously thinking of getting to the other side of the world."

## Out of the past

IN a story published in The Australian Women's Weekly recently about the first rodeo held at The Chislet, Mt. Kosciusko, the mention of a well-known grazier, Mr. Weir Hanna, of Walwa, Upper Murray, brought him a letter.

It was from Mr. James Rodgers, of South Australia, who wondered if he could possibly be the young A.I.F. soldier who in 1917 spent some leave in Scotland as the guest of three sisters, the Misses Stewart.

"The eldest Miss Stewart was my mother," writes Mr. Rodgers, "and she often wondered if we would ever hear of you again."

Mr. Weir has answered the letter to say that he was that young soldier.

AN Adelaide lad who arrived home recently after long service with the Royal Navy must have been surprised when his mother said: "You still look the same, dear, but you've cultivated a dialect."

## Napkin laundry

THE napkin-washing problem is being solved for Melbourne women by an enterprising firm which has set up a laundry at Prahran. The firm claims to deliver a dozen fine quality absorbent flannelette napkins for every day. Napkins are delivered three times a week, and daily to hospitals.

Mothers are provided with an attractive cream lacquered self-deodorising container complete with a canvas bag which is changed at every delivery.

Napkins are put through a prolonged series of washings and rinsings and are chemically antiseptised.

As a further safeguard regular bacteriological tests are carried out in a laboratory.

The charge is seven shillings a week, or six shillings if mothers have their own napkins.

The director, Mrs. Hector Adam, is the American wife of an Australian engineer.

Napkin laundries have been operated in America for the past 15 years, but this is believed to be the first to begin in Australia.

## Blight fantastic

COULD I but recapture  
The youthful rapture  
And breathless romance  
Of our first dance—  
You know what I'd do?  
I'd stand on YOUR corn, too.  
—LARRY BOTS.

## Agin the name

OFFICERS and crew of the Erin, which carries fruit and vegetables for ships of the Royal Navy, don't like it being called "the green-grocer ship."

As most of them hail from Ireland, they were eloquent over the indignity of this name for a ship "bearin' the green shamrock of Ireland painted on its bridge."

However, when we went on board when it arrived in Sydney Harbor, our sensitive nostrils were acutely conscious of the strong odor of potatoes, which seemed to penetrate even into the engine-room.

Both the Erin and her commander, Captain H. Green, come from Belfast, North Ireland, and before the war the ship was the biggest banana-carrying vessel from the West Indies.

It is refrigerated throughout, and has a capacity of 214,520 cubic feet.

During the war it was converted to an armed cruiser in the North Atlantic, but is now back on the job of carrying fruit and vegetables.

More than 1600 tons of vegetables, as well as fruit and eggs, are carried by the Erin each trip to ships round Hongkong and Singapore, and keep for more than two months in perfect condition.

AN ex-marine in U.S.A. who served in the Pacific and is now temporarily living in a home-made hut with his wife and child, has named it "All-or-Nothing Atoll."

## Artist helps soldiers

MRS. LOTTIE MURDOCH, chief designer for a Sydney concert firm, who has just returned from a business trip abroad, said that she found that specialists in all professions were doing a splendid job in the rehabilitation of servicemen.

She said that she met a girl in a train, who was on a tour of homes for servicemen suffering from severe mental strain. She was an artist, and her job was to draw portraits of the patients.

"The girl told me that the men react wonderfully to the treatment," said Mrs. Murdoch.

"They get so interested in the progress of the drawing that they soon forget to be shy and nervous and respond to conversation."

## Animal Antics



"Oh, boy! Fish stew for dinner!"

WORKING at her home, Kookaburra, Huntley's Point, N.S.W., Dorothy M. Catts, author of Australian historical romance, "Dawn to Destiny," thinks out an episode.

## New York Round-up

# Nylons for lovers is barman's speciality

Radioed by L. J. MILLER of our New York staff

A Greenwich Village barman in New York is doing well for himself as a blackmarketeer in nylon stockings.

JUST when a couple are at the stage of looking into each other's eyes, he produces a pair of nylons from under the counter.

Of course, the poor sucker does the right thing and buys a pair—at twenty shillings.

Recently a spokesman for the hosiery trade warned American women that they will have to get by with ten pairs of stockings this year, of which seven pairs will be nylon.

Women participants in the losing battle to keep their legs covered are wondering where these ten pairs are coming from.

DINERS in Follie's Restaurant on fashionable Long Island were astonished the other night to see a well-known society matron fondling the restaurant's cat and feeding it with her ice-cream spoon.

A diner at the same table remonstrated gently.

"Well, I prefer this cat to some of the other cats who eat here, and at least its fur is the real thing," the matron snapped back cattily.

AS an advertising stunt to push its "Pants Pressed While You Wait" business, a New York firm has trouserless men stand in barrels inside the window. They get their pants pressed free.

WHEN a suburban postman injured his leg, fellow workmen took off his shoe and sock and found his toenails red, and his face redder. Smirking, he explained, "My wife did it."





TWO DOZEN OYSTERS for Lord Louis. The "Supremo" with Miss Enid Bayly, at cocktail party given at Australia Hotel by King George Fund for Seamen. Lord Louis was noted by his wife, who quipped, "There he is, hard at it," as he ate his oysters.



CUTTING THE CAKE. Ivan Black, former lieutenant in R.A.N., and recently elected member of Legislative Assembly, with his bride, formerly Mary Dixon, only daughter of the Robert Dixons, of Castle Hill, cut their wedding cake at reception at Khedran, bride's home, after wedding at St. Paul's.



THE DUCHESS DANCES. Informal picture of the Duchess of Gloucester dancing with Mr. Stanley Buffett at the Rawson Hall, Norfolk Island, during her recent visit there with her husband, the Governor-General. Mr. Buffett is a descendant of original Bounty mutineers.

## Intimate Gossipings

IT'S certainly a case of "Handsome is as Handsome does" with the Mountbattens... their unfailing courtesy to everyone they came in contact with during their brief three days in Sydney proved the old adage time and time again.

Amused to see with even such a fairy-tale couple as Mountbattens that domesticity rears its head...

Lady Louis put her husband's hair into position at the Town Hall reception, and as they were leaving for the British Centre Lord Louis retaliated, and in an audible whisper said, "Powder your nose!"

### IMPRESSIONS of Mountbattens...

Lord Louis IS as handsome as his photographs appear... No camera can catch the charm of manner, vivaciousness, and vivid personality of Lady Louis... their sadness that their two daughters, Pamela and Patricia, couldn't be with them, and their joy at being able to visit Australia together... Lady Louis' trim figure and her

incredible likeness to the Duchess of Gloucester, to whom, by the way, she is no blood relation... her snappy choice in bathing costume... quick, staccato movement of her lovely hands... Lord Louis' concentration on oysters...

LADY Louis' glorious platinum watchband... Her nickname "Springer," which Lord Louis uses... She calls him, "Dickie," but mostly couple say "dear" to each other... Lord Louis' unfailing courtesy and usual male smile of superiority when Lady Louis is holding up official proceedings gossiping with someone.



LORD MAYOR'S RECEPTION. Lord Louis Mountbatten and Lady Louis greet Mrs. Bill Adams as she arrives at reception at Town Hall given by Lord Mayor, Alderman Bartley, and Lady Mayor, Mrs. Bartley. Mr. and Mrs. Adams lent their car to the Mountbattens.

THEIR seems to be a real romance, and in all their speeches their phrase "My wife" or "My husband" seems to be unconsciously brought into it. Sydney's disappointment at not seeing Lady Louis in evening gown, which was Melbourne's privilege—but we saw her in bathing costume... Her spontaneous cheery farewell to Senator Collings at Town Hall reception, "Did you have a nice cup of tea, Senator?"

### WIFE of Governor-elect of N.S.W.

Mrs. John Northcott, and her daughter are both thrilled with idea of taking up life at Government House. At present they have their sleeves rolled up packing at their maisonette in Toorak to move into Chevron next month, where they will stay until they leave for Sydney.

Both Beth and her elder sister, Marjorie, who will leave soon for Japan as an A.A.M.W.S. lieutenant attached to special social service unit, inherit their mother's dark eyes and hair.

Beth, whom her mother always describes as her right hand, has commissioned her father to bring back some souvenirs from Japan when he returns to accept the Governorship.

STRIKING gown worn by attractive Anne Clegge when she dances with Lieutenant Paul Yonge at housewarming at Raneliffe, Woollahra. Frock is white, splashed with large emerald-green flowers, and her earrings carry out same color scheme. Helen Taylor, another lass at party, looks attractive in ravenswing-blue velvet. She is off to visit her brother-in-law and sister, Dr. and Mrs. Hodgkinson, of Orange.

SOLITAIRE diamond ring worn by Roushie Smith, who announces her engagement to Mervyn Hargraves, ex-R.A.A.F. Roushie is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Smith, of Coogee, and Mervyn is only child of the Dudley Hargraves, of Norville.

MEMBERS of Coral Sea Victory Ball Committee, Mr. R. S. Connon, Mrs. Sam Jones, and Mrs. H. Scorsfield (right) meet at Pickwick Club to discuss plans for ball organised by the Australian-American Co-operation Movement, to be held at Trocadero, May 7. Proceeds will aid movement.

GAY party at Prince's when Lieut.-Colonel W. M. Dwyer, C.O. Eastern Command Recruit Reception and General Details Depot, entertains, with his wife, members of his original unit, Major H. A. Muldoon, Captain H. W. Leach, Lieutenant G. M. G. Griffin. Occasion is celebration of Colonel and Mrs. Dwyer's 28th wedding anniversary. Party attend performance of "Hithe Spirit" at Theatre Royal.

MOST weather-conscious person during the whole of the Mountbattens' tour in Sydney was their Awar driver, Betty McNaughton. Betty drove famous pair in the Adams' open Bentley, but in case of rain members of their staff followed in one of the Duke of Gloucester's Rolls Royces, driven by Duke's chauffeur, Ted Gale. Betty had to work on her usual day off—Sunday—to take couple to Manly surf carnival. "Did I mind?" she said when I asked her. "What would you choose, a day off or to drive Lord Louis?" She is engaged to Ted Pointing, ex-A.I.F., and said she'd come into a lot of teasing from her fiancé when he learned she was to drive the handsome Lord Louis.

joyce



P.O.W. BRIDEGROOM with his smiling bride. Lieut. Ron Eaton, A.I.F., and bride, formerly Betty Girling, leave St. Anne's Church, Ashfield, with bridesmaids, Betty's sister, Patricia, and Constance Lovelwyn. Betty is elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Girling.



COUNTRY INTEREST when Mr. Arthur Whittaker, of Bourke, marries Rita Prowse, of Wandong Station, Baradine, at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. Rita is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Prowse, of Baradine. Reception at Pickwick Club.





## For your family's sake...

What's in front of you and your family to-morrow depends a great deal upon the protection behind you to-day. When you and your husband buy Security Bonds you are spending wisely and soundly for the future—you are planning protection for to-morrow—you are planning so that neither you nor your family need worry about the financial outlook—you are planning security.

Security Bonds will allow you to face the future confidently and unafraid because they are the most careful and productive investment into which you can put your money. But that's not all. Your investment in the

Security Loan aids directly in the rehabilitation of our service men and women... helps provide thousands with vocational training and helps to provide the best care and attention for the sick and wounded. Turn your savings into Bonds and buy extra Bonds by instalments out of income.

### Sign for Security

INVEST IN THE

# Security Loan

Save to-day for your protection to-morrow.

### FACTS ABOUT THE...

#### £70,000,000 SECURITY LOAN

1. All you lend will be used to meet commitments arising out of the war, particularly the rehabilitation of Australian service men and women.
2. Bonds for £10, £50, £100, £500 and £1,000, or Inscribed Stock, may be purchased for cash or by instalments through any Bank, Savings Bank, Money Order Post Office or Stockbroker. Interest is payable each six months, at 3½% per annum for 12 years, or 2% per annum for 3 years. The 2% short term interest rate should appeal to companies and individuals with money temporarily available for investment.
3. Repayment in full at maturity is guaranteed by the Commonwealth. Bonds and Inscribed Stock are readily saleable to meet an emergency.
4. On your application form credit your subscription to your District to help its quota.



# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

PROBLEMS and upsets are likely on April 9 and 10, especially for those born under the signs Cancer, Libra, Capricorn, and Aries, and care should be taken during this period.

Thursday, April 11, and Monday, April 15, however, are promising for Sagittarians and Leonians, with Arians benefitting to a lesser degree.

## The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Fortunate changes and opportunities possible. Best days, April 10 (after 2 p.m.), April 11, 12 (early and late), 13 (evening), and 14 (to 1 p.m.).

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): April 9, 10, 11, and 12 (early) poor, but April 13 (except midday hours) and 14 helpful.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): April 11 and 15 can prove unexpectedly pleasing, so use constructive.



"I'm afraid we'll have to get rid of Rover. There's been that clash of personalities ever since we got him."

Be mildly cautious on April 9, 12, 13, and 14.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Beware difficulties and upsets, especially on April 9, 10 (to 3 p.m.), 13, and 16.

**LEO** (July 23 to Aug. 24): Seek progress and change now. Best days April 10 (after 3 p.m.), 11, and 15, April 9, 10 (to 3 p.m.), and 18 poor.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): April 11 and 15 can prove unexpectedly pleasing. April 12 (dusk), 13 (early and late), and 14 (to midday) also helpful.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Routine tasks advised. April 9, 10 (to 2 p.m.), 14 (evening), and 16 poor. April 13 deceptive.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Best days April 9, 12 (evening), 14 (to midday), and 25. April 10 adverse.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Best days April 10 (after 2 p.m.), 11, 15, and 16 (noon to 3 p.m.).

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Beware difficulties and upsets, especially on April 9, 10 (to 4 p.m.), and 16. Best days April 11 and 12.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): April 9 (to 9 p.m.) and 16 adverse. April 11, 12 (early), and 15 (early and late) also poor. April 13 (evening) and 15 fair.

**PISCES** (Feb. 19 to March 21): Unpleasant days are likely, though April 11 and 12 may prove very fair. April 16 (noon to 3 p.m.) also fair.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents the astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.

## YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 25 to 40 (37 to 40 expires May 31).  
SUGAR: 10 to 24 (G current).  
BUTTER: 34 to 36 (expires May 3).  
MEAT: Bacon 75 to 81 (78 to 81 available April 25), red and green, 80 and 91 (92 to 95 available April 25).

# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are helping **BETTY GRAY:** In her search for clues leading to the numbers of the combination of the safe where her uncle has left his fortune. In his will he left the money to whoever found all the clues first, Betty or her cousins, **AUGUSTA:** Who wants Betty out of the hunt, **KARL:** At first helping Augusta, but now tired.

**PETER:** Who aided Augusta as long as Betty was not in any danger, but has now declared his love for Betty and joined her and Mandrake. **AUGUSTA:** enlists **KRAG:** Who is a power in the South Seas. On board a boat going to Cerebi to look for the fourth clue, Krag pays natives to kill Mandrake, but the magician gestures and outwits the natives. **NOW READ ON:**



TO BE CONTINUED



Dear Anne,  
Here's my case for Kayser —



# KAYSER

H46/3

HOSIERY..LINGERIE..GLOVES



# Days and Nights

Continued from page 3

SEVERAL men tumbled out of a door far down toward one end of the corridor. Saburov realised, or felt instinctively, that they were Germans. Bending over, he fired another round along the corridor.

In the next half-hour it was difficult to know what was happening. Saburov's soldiers and the Germans jumped into each other, fired point-blank with their automatic rifles, wrestled, fired again, threw grenades.

Gradually the fighting shifted to the inside courtyard, and then subsided. The Germans were either killed, or had hidden or run away. Their mortars, placed on the next street, began to fire on the house, which made it clear that the house was now taken.

It began slowly to grow light. Saburov sent messengers to Gordienko and Parfenov. From the way the Germans fired from the place they were firing, it seemed clear that these two officers had succeeded in capturing the houses to the right and the left.

Saburov picked himself a place for a temporary command post in one of the basement rooms which was, nevertheless, quite light and airy. Gradually, order was restored in the area they had won.

Machine-gunners and Tommy-gunners took up their posts in the basement windows, telephone lines were laid hastily. Beyond the stone wall, where Saburov indicated, the mortar gunners were hurriedly digging themselves trenches.

Gordienko reported by telephone that everything was in order in his section, that he had taken four prisoners, and that he was digging in, waiting for further commands. Saburov told him that the only command was to dig in as fast as he could.

When finally the telephone line was clear from Parfenov, Saburov picked up the receiver.

"Lieutenant Grigoriev at the phone," said a thin, young voice. "Where's Parfenov?" "He cannot come to the phone." "Why can't he?" "He is wounded."

Saburov hung up the phone. At that moment Maslennikov appeared, panting but happy.

"Look what I got, while I was coming," he said with enthusiasm, showing a bullet hole at the side of his trousers. Saburov smiled.

"If that will always make you happy, then it's a safe bet you're going to be cheerful round here. As far as I can see, you'll have a lot of chances to mend your uniform here in Stalingrad. Well, did you bring up the men?" "I brought them."

"Without losses, I hope?" "Three wounded."

"Well, that's nothing . . . As for me, I said, I've got twenty-one killed," he said quietly. "Stay here a minute, I'll be right back."

Taking Petya with him, Saburov went down the corridor to the right, opened through a breach in the wall, and taking cover behind a few puny saplings ran over to the neighboring house.

He found Parfenov in a room where Lieutenant Grigoriev was sitting at the telephone. Parfenov lay on the floor. Under his head there had been placed two knapsacks, his own and someone else's. He was obviously near death, and when Saburov came in Parfenov only looked at him with an understanding and sorry expression on his face, and said nothing.

Saburov felt sorry for Parfenov, as he always feels especially sorry for people who fall in their first fighting.

Quietly he leaned over towards him, squatting on his heels, and looked closely into his face. Then he straightened the wounded man's moist and tangled hair, and said: "Well, how's it going, how do you feel, Parfenich?"

Parfenov, it was clear, was afraid to talk, because then he would have to munch his teeth, and once he opened them he would yell out with pain. So he did not answer, but only opened and closed his eyes again, as if to say: "It's nothing."

"It'll be all right, Parfenich, it'll be all right," Saburov repeated the rapid but friendly words, and bending over still lower, kissed Parfenov on his closely pressed lips.

At dawn, after a two-hour silence, there began a battle which was not to stop for four days and nights. It began with bombing, during which Saburov was slightly wounded for the fifth time since the war began. The bombing was long and merciless, as Junkers-88's and Stuka dive-bombers the whole position.

Before noon Babchenko called Saburov on the telephone.

"I can't come to you," he said. "I'm going over to another sector. Probably the boss will be coming along to you, so watch out . . ." and he hung up the phone.

The "boss" in the division was Colonel Protzenko. "Watch out!" meant that Saburov should try his best not to let the colonel go to the most dangerous places where he would want to go.

Protzenko soon walked in with his adjutant and a Tommy-gunner. After Saburov had reported to him, he asked, as was his custom: "How's your health, Alexei Ivanovich?" and held out his left hand. Following a wound, his right hand would not work, and he kept moving his fingers while he talked, trying to restore circulation and to make up for the massage treatments prescribed for him by the doctors.

"Good, good," he said, walking round and looking appraisingly at the ceiling.

He wandered with Saburov round the machine-gun emplacements, then walked with him up to the stone wall behind which the mortar squads had settled down in trenches they had dug for themselves. He looked critically at the shallow, carelessly dug ditches, and talking off into the distance as if he did not notice the mortar gunners who were there, he said:

"What wonderful people Russians are! What do you think, Alexei Ivanovich, who is killing us in this war? You'll say to me: it's the Germans. And I'll agree with you: it's the Germans. Out of every three men we lose, two are killed by Ger-

mans, but the third is killed by lassiness. So give your orders."

Saburov ordered the men to dig the trenches deeper, and then ran to catch up with Protzenko.

At the stone wall were lying two machine-gunners. They had tried to get a maximum of cover behind the wall, and as it turned out had placed themselves so close behind it that the muzzle of their machine-gun pointed almost straight at the sky. Protzenko came up to them, lay down by the machine-gun, checked its sights, and then stood up, brushing the brick dust from his knees.

"You must surely be a hunter," he said. "You're all ready to shoot a duck, with your machine-gun pointed straight up like that. . . You've done it well, you'll get them in full flight. But it's too bad that the Germans walk mostly along the ground. Except for that, I've got to admit you've set yourself up wonderfully."

He turned and walked on with the same unhurried manner. Without turning round to Saburov, he talked into the distance, which was one of the signs that he was in an ugly mood.

A divisional commander has to make it clear how a machine-gun should be pointed, into the sky or into the ground. That's a fine thing. It's for that they taught me at the General Staff Academy, I suppose. And when will you ever learn to blush?" He suddenly yelled at Saburov, turning quickly on him. "How can I teach you to blush?"

Saburov remained silent. The colonel was right, and even if regulations had permitted it, there was nothing for him to say.

"When divisional commanders don't have to check up on how machine-guns are pointed, and when you learn how to blush, then we'll win the war. Until then we haven't a chance—you might as well know it."

They had only just managed to return to the basement command post when the Germans

began with artillery and bombing to prepare for an attack.

"In general, you've dug yourself in here all right. You've dug yourself in so that you can hang on," Protzenko said, cocking his head sideways as he listened to the explosions. "You'll hang on all right, but you've got to teach the men . . . Day and night you've got to teach them. Because, if you don't train a soldier to-day, then to-morrow he'll get himself killed. And not simply killed. Getting killed, after all—that's what war is for, but to be killed stupidly and cheaply, that's sad. Where's your observation post?"

"On the fourth floor, under the roof."

"Well, climb up there and see what's happening. Meanwhile, tell them to give me something to eat." As he went out, Saburov whispered to Petya to feed the colonel. He climbed up to the fourth floor.

At once, he saw that the heavier part of the German fire was directed against the house on the right where Maslennikov had replaced Parfenov in command. Saburov ran down the staircase to the basement and telephoned first Maslennikov and then Gordienko, warning them of the German preparations for an attack. Both answered that they had spotted the same thing and were ready for a fight.

Protzenko, who did not like to mix into the arrangements of his subordinates except in cases of extreme necessity, sat in the cellar and quietly ate a hard rye biscuit with a piece of dry sausage on it. When the German attack finally began, Protzenko went up to the observation post with Saburov, despite the latter's protests. They stood there together about an hour.

Saburov was nervous. He wanted to get Protzenko somewhere down below. When a heavy shell passed through the wall and exploded in the next room, showering little pieces of brick and plaster through a breach in the wall, he grabbed the colonel by the arm and tried to drag him below almost by force.

PROTSSENKO freed his arm, looked at Saburov, and instead of the reprimand to be expected from a superior officer in such a situation, said only: "How long have we fought together? Two years? Too long, anyway, for you to pull me by the arm . . ."

When the Germans had fallen back after a first unsuccessful attack, and Saburov and Protzenko had begun to descend from the observation post, a delayed shell hit the staircase itself on the floor below them. An entire section of the stairs was completely blown out by the explosion, and they had to get down by hanging on to the beams and the remains of the balustrade.

"Now do you see why you oughtn't to hurry your commanding officer?" Protzenko said. "If we had hurried, you'd have had me right under that one. What did Babchenko tell you: the boss is coming, take care of him . . ."

suddenly he imitated Babchenko's voice in a funny way: "And yet you would have had me directly under a shell that time. You see what happens . . ."

Protzenko left during an hour of relative lull between the first and second German attacks.

"All right, take care of yourself," he said to Saburov as he left. He added confidentially: "You know, when I've learned how to fight really well, then I'm going to stop coming to the battalions. Let the regimental commanders come, and I'll go only to the regimental headquarters . . . But I'll look in on you from time to time just for old times' sake. Those who fought together at Voronezh are just like people who've been to a christening together. I'll come to see you like an old gossip."

Before evening the Germans attacked again, but were driven off. When it began to get dark, Petya brought Saburov a pan of boiled potatoes.

"Where did you get these?" Saburov asked in surprise.

"Right here, not far away," Petya repeated evasively.

Saburov, who was hungry and had no time for explanations anyway, began to eat the potatoes with relish. Petya stood beside him in the pose of an anxious mother.

"Where did you really get them?" Saburov asked presently.

Petya's face showed signs of an inner conflict, and Saburov smiled. Petya was distinguished by courage, thoughtfulness, and a happy disposition—the three chief qualities to be desired in an orderly. Before the war he had worked as supply agent in a Moscow factory. To secure something new one else could get had a special charm for him.

When there was nothing to eat in the battalion, Saburov would send Petya out to look for food and he would always find something. When there was nothing to smoke, Petya would find tobacco. When there was nothing to drink, Petya could always come up with at least a little keg of vodka so quickly that Saburov sometimes suspected him of holding a secret emergency reserve.

Petya had only one failing. Although he never did anything really illegal, he still loved to conceal his triumphs under a smoke screen of secrecy. He was always bitterly disappointed when Saburov or anyone else cross-examined him about his methods.

"Come on, where did you get them?" Saburov repeated. Petya, realising that he could not get out of it, decided to confess.

"Here," he said, "there's a little house in the courtyard, and under the little house there's a cellar, and in that cellar there's a woman . . ."

"What kind of a woman?" Saburov raised his eyebrows.

"A Stalingrad woman. She used to live in the little house. Her husband was killed. So she went down into the cellar with her three children and has been there ever since. She's got everything—potatoes, carrots, all kinds of vegetables. She's even got a goat in the cellar with her, only she says the goat has stopped giving milk on account of the darkness. I say to her: My commanding officer has a great respect for potatoes. Without a word, she boils a kettle of them and says: Whenever you need them, just ask for them, and she even gives me some lard."

Please turn to page 20

## What's on your mind?

### An adolescent gives advice to parents

A LOT has been said about how easily the modern young girl takes the wrong path in life. I am one of the young girls of to-day, nearly out of my teens, but, thanks to understanding parents, I enjoy a happy, healthy life.

I think in many cases the parents of these girls are to blame in the first place. They view most of their daughters' activities, as well as their friends, both male and female, with suspicious eyes. They do not let their daughters know that they trust their judgment of right and wrong, and disapprove of such harmless outings as films and dances.

If parents get their growing-up daughters to trust and love them, and in return trust their daughters, they will have no problem on their hands, only well-conducted and sensible young women.

21 to Miss R. Clark, 88 George St., Mackay, Qld.

### Overdoing it

MRS. HISSEY (9/3/46) suggests that hospital auxiliaries buy magazines for patients.

Recently I was a very lonely patient in one of our leading hospitals. I had no reading matter, so was overjoyed when a large pile of magazines was sent in by a welfare society. When I asked for some to read, the sister told me they were to be burnt as they would make her ward untidy.

And so I continued to be bored. 26 to Rita Gibson, 15 Boronia St., Deewhy, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's on Your Mind," c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 8. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

### Postman's knock

THE present seems an opportune moment, with many servicemen coming back into the P.M.G.'s Department, to stress the desirability of postmen blowing the whistle when



delivering letters. This would notify the householder that "postie" had been, and save many an unnecessary trip to the letter-box.

5/- to Florence Jepson, Picnic Rd., Ararat, Vic.

### Christening music

IN reply to Mrs. Dayton (33/3/46) in regard to a christening march. There are approximately five hymns for this purpose to my knowledge. The most frequently used is "See Israel's Gentle Shepherd Stand," by Philip Doddridge.

5/- to Vera Bachoff, Post Office, Brisbane.

### Pen-friends help

EVERY child should be able to obtain a pen-friend through his school. Before the war it was possible to have pen-friends in different countries, and now it should be possible again. It helps children to learn a few things about other countries which they don't learn at school.

5/- to Miss N. Murlson, 26 Stonehaven St., Rosewater Gardens, Adelaide.

### Save the trees

WITH thousands of desperate home-seekers toiling the line in the housing race, preservation of as many trees as possible when building should be insisted on by the authorities.

Trees should not be allowed to be slaughtered at the whim of any vandal with an axe.

So many roads, once places of enchantment because of their gum-trees, are now just places to walk along, because of the number of trees cut down by over-zealous home-builders.

5/- to Mrs. K. Grainger, 72 Kurra Rd., Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

### Satisfying work

PARENTS and young girls should realise the value of apprenticeship in the tailoring trade. Such an apprenticeship means a financial sacrifice at first, but it ensures a livelihood for life.

Although the wage is smaller than in unskilled occupations a trade is being learnt.

I have been a tailoress for nine years and I know well the deep satisfaction of seeing at the end of each day the work built by one's own hands.

5/- to Miss S. B. Stibbs, 46 Hunter St., Wonthaggi, Vic.





PEA CROP. Mr. Archie Gardiner, his wife, and son Jeff survey the excellent pea crop almost ready for picking on his Blayney (N.S.W.) farm.

## Contest winner calls himself a "book farmer"



FARMER'S SONS. Cyril, 20, and Keith, 18, take it in turns at driving the plough on their father's farm. Land they are ploughing has not been worked before, and will be used to grow barley.

### Work of his model property is shared by all the family

By JOAN POWE

That agriculture is a profession to be studied just like law or medicine is the theory on which Mr. Archibald Keith Gardiner, winner of the recent Progressive Farmer competition in N.S.W., bases his farming.

He ascribes the success of his 2600-acre property, "Claremont," Vittoria, via Blayney, which was judged to be the most progressive farm in the State, to book farming and the help of his family. The prize is a six months' tour studying agricultural methods in America.

**V**ISITING the Gardiners' property, stretching between the Macquarie and Lachlan Rivers in the rich pasture lands of Blayney, I found it was a true family concern.

When it was acquired in 1934 the property was virgin bushland, and 1000 acres covered with thick-growing gum trees is still awaiting cultivation.

In those 12 years, however, latest discoveries in agriculture have been applied to the land, which has been worked with up-to-date machinery, and I saw a property which now yields a good income from wool, lambs, pigs, cattle, wheat, oats, peas, and apples.

All the family have shared in making those changes and Mr. Gardiner and his attractive, dark-haired wife have hopes that all their five children will become farmers.

The two eldest boys, Cyril, 20, and Keith, 18, both work on the property now, together with three farm hands whom Mr. Gardiner employs.

Both boys went to Hurlstone Agricultural High School, and Cyril was studying to be a teacher at Armidale when, in his father's words, "he felt the call of the land, and decided to give it up."

It is a family joke that for some time to come all Cyril's wages will go to paying off the bond which he forfeited when he gave up teaching.

Third son, Max, 13, is also at Hurlstone, and will probably decide to follow his brother's footsteps.

Only daughter, Margaret, 15, is at boarding-school, and Jeff, the youngest, has just completed primary school at King's Plains.

Tall and well-built, Archibald

Keith Gardiner, now 46, is the son of a schoolteacher.

In his "office," a room set apart in their house, he has up-to-date books on all aspects of agriculture, and is acquiring "quite a large library."

"A lot of farmers think that successful farming is just a matter of luck, depending on good rain and a favorable smile from Nature," he said.

"They also keep no accurate records of financial transactions, yields, and pedigrees of stock, which is most important in making a property pay."

He will leave for America in May, expenses of the tour being defrayed by the Rural Bank and Station 202, Orange.

During the four and a half years



PICKING APPLES in the 20-acre orchard is Keith, second son of Mr. Gardiner. The boys "would not work in the city for anything."

that he was in the Army, his wife ran the financial and administrative side of the property, having been given a deed of attorney by her husband before he left.

A farmer's daughter, coming from Riverside, Mandurama, Mrs. Gardiner's ability is proved beyond doubt by the fact that judging in the competition and inspection of the property took place only ten months after her husband was discharged.

Together with Mrs. Gardiner and Jeff, we drove in the grey Ford to visit the property.

As we emerged from the thick virgin bushland at the entrance to the property we saw Keith picking apples in the 20-acre orchard, containing 1700 trees, including several varieties of apples and pears.

Mr. Gardiner is a firm believer in mechanisation, not only as a means of increasing production but also in keeping his employees interested in their work.

"One of the main difficulties is technical education in the country, to enable farmers thoroughly to un-

derstand the machines they use," he said.

"A number of farmers of the old school have condemned power farming, mainly because they know nothing about its maintenance and don't look after their machines properly."

Together with the other hands, his sons receive a bonus based on yield from the property, plus weekly wages.

As we went across to see the pea crop, Mr. Gardiner elaborated his ideas on making the property as productive and self-sufficient as possible.

He pointed to a stretch of land as yet untouched. "I have had particulars from the Forestry Commission, and we're going to plant an experimental forest of pines there for timber," he said.

"The soil is ideal for pines, and though I won't live to see it the boys should get enough timber to manufacture all the packing cases needed for fruit here on the property."

Pea crop this year has been excel-



MR. A. K. GARDINER, winner of the Progressive Farmer Contest promoted by the Agricultural Bureau of N.S.W.

lent, bringing as much as 20/- a bushel at the markets, he said.

He pointed proudly to the carpet of green stretching right across one slope, which would be ready for picking in a few days.

"We've divided 20 acres of peas into sections, and experimented with fertilisers, so we know how to get the best possible crop," he said.

### Busy housewife

**W**HEN we returned from touring the property we found Keith, Cyril, and two farmhands having a meal round the table in the "bachelors' shack." The Gardiner homestead is about four miles from their property.

During shearing, Mrs. Gardiner makes three or four trips a day to the property with meals for the men, driving the car herself.

She looks after the running of the house, is raising 100 day-old chicks, and also finds time to be vice-president of the C.W.A. in Blayney.

Mrs. Gardiner's active, 78-year-old mother, Mrs. Jarvis, assists her in the house, and between them they manage all egg, milk, butter, and cream supplies.

"Grandma" milks the two cows at the house every day, and churns butter for the family's use.

When he gets back from America, Mr. Gardiner is planning to build his own home on the Claremont property from timber felled there, and already has the site marked out.

"Most country homes are badly planned, ending up like a chain store, with all the rooms added, and only making drudgery for the housewife," he said.

"Country people spend far more time in their home than those in the city, and it is essential that country homes be as comfortable and easy to manage as possible."

The wife of a farmer should benefit just as much by labor-saving devices as employees on the farm, says Mr. Gardiner, who intends to install his own power plant to provide electricity in the new home.



HOMESTEAD. Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner outside their white, comfortable cottage four miles from the farm. It will be changed shortly for a new home which Mr. Gardiner plans to build on the property.



# Soldier is State's first Australian Governor



NEW GOVERNOR OF N.S.W., Lieut.-General John Northcott, with his wife at their home in Toorak, Vic.

## His favorite armchair is among furniture to be brought to Sydney

When the new Governor of New South Wales, Lieut.-General John Northcott, and his wife and younger daughter Beth settle in at Government House, Sydney, in a few months they will still be able to sit down together for a real family meal in a familiar setting.

The walnut Adam period dining-room suite which they bought when they furnished their first home nearly thirty years ago is among the furniture they plan to take from their old home to their new one.

**B**UT in the new setting the General is going to miss the home-cooking of his charming, brown-eyed daughter, Beth.

"I've just sent to Daddy in Japan his last bit of home-cooking—a tin of his favorite shortbreads," said Beth.

As her mother's right hand, Beth will be too busy to spend much time on cooking, which is her favorite hobby.

Mrs. Northcott, who has to take things fairly quietly because of a heart weakness—aftermath of an illness some years ago—will have another "rock of Gibraltar" to lean upon in the strenuous days ahead.

This is Mrs. M. E. Black, of Melbourne, whom she is taking to Sydney as her personal secretary.

Mrs. Black is a widow, and has been a family friend for many years. Being taken to Government House, too, is the General's treasured souvenir of his part in charge of transport arrangements for the King and Queen when they toured Australia as Duke and Duchess of York in 1927.

It is the shiny chromium propeller of the plane they used in Australia.

He will also be able to enjoy his beloved pipe in a favorite armchair, as the pretty, peachy-beige damask lounge suite from the sitting-room in their Toorak home is also being sent up to Government House.

Mrs. Northcott has paid three visits to England, the last two as an Army wife accompanying her husband on his military duties.

Her first voyage was in 1915, when, as Miss Winifred Paton, of Kew, Melbourne, she braved the terrors of war sea travel to go to England

when news came through that her fiancé had been wounded in France and was seriously ill.

They were married ten days after her arrival in London and three months later they both returned to Australia.

Attached to his watch-chain, the General brought home the bullet which nearly cost him his life.

Although watch-chains are now out of fashion for everyday wear, he still uses it with his evening clothes.

The Northcotts' charming, unaffected daughters, Marjorie, 27, and Beth, 23, were educated in England.

Marjorie will leave soon for Japan, where she will direct the first social services section to be attached to the Australian Forces.

Its task will be to help servicemen who are worried by family problems.

### Family idea

**T**HE formation of this new amenity unit resulted from a family discussion between the General, who is at present G.O.C. of BCOP, and his daughter, who is a trained almoner.

"An old campaigner like my father realised that men away from home have many worries about their families," said Lieut. Northcott, interviewed just before she left Australia.

"Women left with children have to bear a lot of responsibility, but through this new section we should be able to make their load lighter and make the men on service more contented to know their problems are being solved."

Lieutenant Northcott will be assisted by Lieutenant Hesther Jack, of Bellevue Hill, Sydney, now with the A.A.M.W.S. after four years in the A.W.A.S.

Lieut. Northcott explained how the section would be run.



LIEUT.-GENERAL NORTHCOTT has had a distinguished military career, is at present C-in-C. of the British Occupation Force in Japan.

"Before leaving Australia for Japan, Lieut. Jack and I are consulting dozens of welfare organisations in all the States."

"When a soldier approaches us in Japan with the news that his wife is, say, for example, going to be evicted from her home, we will immediately get in touch with one of those organisations."

"One of their staff will contact the wife and give her every assistance."

"The soldier who wishes to consult us will first contact us through a special officer in his unit."

Lieut. Northcott is a graduate in Arts at the Melbourne University. When she completed her Arts course she did a three years' course in Social Studies.

Recently she has been an almoner at Royal Melbourne Hospital.

She was presented at Court during the brief reign of Edward VIII. Sydney will probably see a remodelled version of the lovely mushroom-pink organza frock she wore on that occasion when she comes home from Japan.

Mrs. Northcott usually wears small pearl drop ear-rings, which are an admirable finish to her well-groomed, upswept grey hair. She candidly confesses she has little jewellery, because she likes only the genuine article.

Both Mrs. Northcott and Marjorie wear small sardonyx rings, signet rings with the Northcott unicorn crest engraved in red.

Mrs. Northcott feels she has a lot to live up to in stepping into the shoes of Lady Wakehurst, whom she knew and admired tremendously.

Her graciousness and simple, unaffected dignity, however, are sure to win admiration from all sides.



ELDER DAUGHTER, Lieutenant Marjorie Northcott, left on an interstate tour to interview welfare organisations before taking up her duties in Japan. She was seen off by her mother and sister Beth.



It's that lovely  
CHIFFON  
effect

See your skin take on the new fineness—the super-smoothness that only Chiffon face powder can give!

Chiffon's fineness and clinging make a new technique possible:—

Use very little; smooth it on carefully and evenly studying the effect in your mirror; use very little powder-base or none at all



THE PRICE of Chiffon is 2/5

ATKINSONS - LONDON & SYDNEY  
A.C.S.28



So relaxed and comfortable after his bath with PEARS

Baby's delicate skin needs Pears—a soap of clear transparency. You have simply to hold a tablet up to the light to SEE that Pears is utterly pure. Perfect for baby, matchless for your own complexion.



Pa.16.27

WITH mild reproach in his voice, Petya added, "You didn't notice, by the way, but you are eating potatoes with lard on them."

Surprised that in the middle of these ruins there should suddenly be a woman with children, Saburov stood up quickly, put on his cap, and said to Petya: "Take me to her. Where is she?"

They walked down several corridors and ran, crouching low, across an open place to the house in the courtyard. There, between its shattered walls, Saburov saw something like a door propped up with stones and boards. They descended several steps, and entered a fairly large cellar, apparently enlarged during the fighting.

A little stove was burning on a barrel in the corner, covered with boards. Near it a woman, who was not old, but had a face worn old by suffering, sat on her heels and rocked a baby. Two little girls who looked as if they were eight and ten years old crouched next to her, and looked at the two soldiers with big eyes filled with curiosity.

"How do you do?" Saburov greeted them.

"How do you do," the woman answered.

"Why have you stayed here?" Saburov asked.

"Where else could I go?"

"But the Germans were here."

"We covered up everything on top so they couldn't see anything," the woman said quietly.

"You covered up everything you might have been suffocated."

"It would have been all the same, once the Germans were here."

"It's too late to-day," Saburov said, "but to-morrow I'll think of some way to send you out of here."

"I'm not going, thanks."

"What do you mean, not going?"

"Just not going," she repeated stubbornly.

"Where should I go?"

"To the other side, across the Volga."

"I'm not going. With them?" the woman pointed to the children. "Alone I would have gone, but with them I won't go. I'd get through all right alone, but they would die, they'd die across the Volga. They would die," the woman repeated.

"And here?"

"I don't know. I've brought everything we had down here. Maybe it will last for a month, maybe for two months, and by then, maybe, you'll drive the Germans out. But if we left here, they would die, I'm sure of it."

"Well, but if a bomb or a shell lands here, all of a sudden—have you thought about that?" Saburov asked. He was no longer trying to convince her, but he was still unable to accept the idea that here, right next to his soldiers, a woman was continuing to live with three children.

"What of it?" the woman said quietly. "If it falls, then it will get us all together, me and them—it will finish us all at once."

Saburov did not know what to say to her. There followed a long silence.

"If you want something cooked, I'll cook it. I've got lots of potatoes. Let him tell me when you need something." She pointed to Petya. "I can cook cabbage soup, too, only without any meat. Or I could kill the goat," she added after a pause. "If I kill her then there'd be soup with meat."

She saw in Saburov's eyes that he had understood, and that he would no longer insist on her going. Her talking now about her cooking was not to persuade him to leave her there, but simply part of the deep desire of women to take care of soldiers far from their homes.

Saburov walked out into the open air. Looking at the ruins round him he thought again, just as he had before at Eltonakaya: "Where have they driven us?" In front of him, as far westward as the eye could see, were only Germans. He looked round at his shattered apartment house, battered and riddled with bullets and shell fragments.

"Still, here we are," he thought. And he realised now that there was no place for him to go outside this building.

The night went by with uninter-

## Days and Nights

Continued from page 17

rupted firing. At dawn the Germans mounted their third attack. They did not succeed in advancing directly toward the building which Saburov was occupying, but to the right of him and to the left they broke through into the edges of the square. At nine o'clock in the morning he heard over the telephone the rough, complaining voice of Babchenko: "Well, how goes it, are you holding out?"

"Holding out."

"Keep it up, hang on tight. I'm coming over to see you right away."

These words were the last he heard on the telephone. A minute later the communication line was broken, and although he liked neither Babchenko himself nor his querulous voice, he kept remembering these phrases during the three succeeding days and nights when he had no line of communication with anyone. They helped him to believe that he was not all alone.

Babchenko, naturally, was unable to come. The Germans occupied the whole square behind him and the buildings round it, and Saburov found himself and his entire battalion encircled. He had to sit where he was, keep the Germans off, and wait either until his own side could cut a path through to him and help him, or until his own last shells and bullets should be exhausted, and they would have to die.

Although at intervals he was inclined to think that the second was sure to happen and that his ammunition would run out before help could come, he tried to suggest the exact reverse to everyone round him, both officers and soldiers. Since each one of them knew only how many bullets were in his own belt and how many shells in his own reserve, they thought that he, the captain, probably still had plenty in reserve.

As time went on Saburov taught his men to shoot to kill, only at sure targets. He took bullets away from most of the soldiers, giving them only to the best marksmen. To the others he gave hand grenades to be used against any Germans who might break directly into the building. This happened only twice in these three days, and both times they succeeded in throwing the Germans out.

A shell actually breached the wall one day, and exploded in the basement where Saburov had established himself. Curiously, no one was killed. Petya had gone out, and Saburov, who had been lying down on his cot for a minute, simply crashed down with the cot from the blast. When he stood up he noticed that the whole wall above his head looked as if it were covered with bloodstains. It was the bricks showing through the white plaster in hundreds of places.

He had to move to an apartment on the first floor which had escaped destruction by some miracle, and where Petya had urged him to move two days before. The fact that the apartment had survived at all gave Petya a superstitious notion that maybe no shell would ever fall in it.

On the fourth day, when everything was dancing and shuddering under an artillery barrage, the woman walked quietly into the room and placed an earthen pot on the table.

"I boiled you some cabbage soup. Try it," she said.

"Thank you."

"If you like it, I'll bring you some more."

Saburov looked at her and said nothing. All this was strange, almost incredible—the dough with three children, the woman herself, boiling cabbage soup. At the same time there was something fantastically reassuring about it.

"Thanks, thanks," he repeated. Seeing that she continued to stand there quietly, and guessing suddenly what she was waiting for, he pulled his spoon out of the top of his boot and began to eat.

"It's wonderful soup," he said, "good, tasty soup. It's wonderful. But you'd better go. They're going to start firing again right away."

At night, under cover of the darkness, Maslennikov got through to Saburov, and the latter could hardly recognise him—he was unshaven and so suddenly, strangely grown-up. Looking at him, Saburov thought that he, too, must have changed during these days. He was terribly tired, not so much from the constant feeling of danger as from the responsibility which lay on his shoulders. He did not know what was happening to the north or to the south. Judging by the cannon fire, fighting must be going on in a circle all round him.

Of only one thing was he certain, in a hard sort of way: these three apartment houses with their shattered windows, their wrecked apartments, he, his soldiers, dead and living, the woman with her three children in the cellar—all these taken together were Russia, and he, Saburov, was defending it. If he were killed or should surrender, then the spot would cease to be Russia and would become German territory, and this he could not even imagine in himself.

During the entire fourth and last night of the encirclement, a desperate cannon duel sounded to his left and to his right. Apparently both German and Russian shells were landing in the courtyard and directly on the building. By morning the Soviet shells seemed more numerous than the German. Saburov at first could not believe that did believe, again could not believe, and only at dawn finally realised that his side was finally breaking through to him.

A little after dawn, a few sweating, dirty, angry Tommy-guns broke through into the yard of the house on the left. They had been chasing Germans, and at first they thought that Germans were here, too. It was hard, at first almost impossible, to hold them and keep them from running down the long corridors and through the basement of the buildings in search of Germans.

One of the first men Saburov saw and embraced was Babchenko, the same unlikable, rude, and quarrelsome—the same tired, unshaven, nice, and long-awaited Babchenko—with his rifle slung round his neck and his arms and knees smeared with mud and lime.

"I told you on the telephone that I'd be coming," Babchenko almost yelled at him, trying to cover up as quickly as possible the excitement which seemed to him unusual and unbecoming in any conversation between an officer and his subordinate.

Still smiling in an awkward way, Babchenko crossed the room twice, then discarded his rifle and sat down at the table, leaning on it, and at last giving his face its usual bored and dissatisfied expression. In his old familiar tone, he asked: "How many losses?"

"Fifty-three killed, one hundred and forty-five wounded," Saburov answered.

"You don't take care of your men," Babchenko said. "You take bad care of them. Never mind, you held out well. Tell them to give me some water."

Saburov turned to Petya and asked for water, but when he turned back again it was clear that the lieutenant-colonel did not need it. Leaning over the table, and resting his head on the clip of the automatic rifle which stuck out awkwardly from under his arm, he had fallen sound asleep. Probably he had not slept through all these days, any more than Saburov.

This occurred to Saburov, and suddenly, thinking back over everything that had happened in these four days, he felt fatigue flow over him with bone-crushing force. In order not to fall on the table, like Babchenko, he stood up, leaned against the wall, and with difficulty pulled out of his pocket his kit watch.

It said 9.15. Just four days and seven hours had gone by since he had jumped from Petya's shoulders through the broken window, after throwing a grenade through it, and had come into this room.

To be continued



IT'S ALL YOU HOPED FOR...AND MORE!

# GARY COOPER

AS CLINT, THE ROUGH, THE CRUDE, THE MAGNIFICENT

# INGRID BERGMAN

AS HIS CLIO OF NEW ORLEANS

IN  
EDNA FERBER'S  
STORY OF STORIES

Out of the most  
exciting roles  
of their lives  
comes the  
most thrill-  
ing picture  
of yours!

# "SARATOGA TRUNK"

(A)

WARNERS'  
BIGGEST!

WITH FLORA ROBSON : HAL B. WALLIS PRODUCTION DIRECTED BY SAM WOOD

Screen Play by CASEY ROBINSON

From the Novel by EDNA FERBER

Music by MAX STEINER



COMING TO YOUR FAVOURITE THEATRE SOON!



# Fashion PATTERNS



**F4221.**—Pretty lace-trimmed nightgown. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 38in. wide, with 2yds. of 4in. lace. Pattern, 1/11.

**F4222.**—Well-fitting slim slip. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. wide, with 1yd. of 3in. lace to trim. Pattern, 1/8.

**F4223.**—You'll like the cut of this dear little wool frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

• **PLEASE NOTE!** To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post you should:  
 \* Write your **NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS.** \* Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, and **COUPONS.** \* State size required.  
 \* For children state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on this page.  
 \* C.O.D. orders are not accepted.

**F4224.**—Smart little jacket suit with up-to-the-minute fashion points. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

**F4225.**—Smart two-piece slack suit with unusual contrast effect. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. wide with 1yd. of 36in. contrast. Pattern, 1/11.

**F4226.**—Double-breasted suit with soft peplum finish. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.



## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

**No. 706**  
**DAINTY GOOD-MORNING SET**  
 The pattern for this pretty set is clearly traced, ready to smoulder on a tough British cotton in shades of pale blue, light grey, natural, and plain white. Set consists of topcollar, 12in. x 18in., and coat, 12in. x 16in. Complete set, price 5/6. Postage 4d. extra.

**No. 707**  
**LITTLE GIRL'S SWEET NIGHT-GOWN IN FLANNELLETT**  
 Design for this dear little nightgown is traced clearly on an excellent quality flannellette in shades of pink, blue, and plain white and is ready for you to make up and stitch together. It features a shaped and embroidered shoulder yoke, long, warm sleeves, and fully gathered skirt. Sizes 2 to 4 years, 7/6 (4 coupons); 4 to 8 years, 7/11 (5 coupons); 8 to 10 years, 8/9 (5 coupons). Postage, 5d. extra.

## Fashion Frock Service

### "DOLORES"

Snug pyjamas for cold winter nights.

Trimly made with shaped shoulder yoke, long warm sleeves, long jacket belted at waistline, and roomy trousers gathered into elastic at waist and ankles, this smart winter pyjama suit is fashioned in white, blue, or pink flannellette.

**Ready to Wear:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 21/8 (14 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 24/4 (14 coupons). Postage, 1/9d. extra.

**Cut Out Only:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 15/2 (14 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 16/3 (14 coupons). Postage, 1/9d. extra.

**TO ORDER:** Fashion Patterns, Fashion Frock, and Needlework Notions may be had from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given under concession coupon.



### SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Available for one month only from date of issue.

#### DAINTY UNDERWEAR SET

Sizes 32, 34, and 36in. bust.

No. 1: Requires 1yd. 36in. wide. No. 2: Requires 1yd. 36in. wide. No. 3: Requires 1yd. 36in. wide.

### Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
 Box 4910, G.P.O., Perth.  
 Box 480F, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
 TASMANIA: Box 182C, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
 N.Z.: Box 488W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)  
 Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....  
 STREET .....  
 SUBURB .....  
 TOWN ..... STATE .....  
 SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon, 12/4/46.



## Continuing . . . Surprise Package

from page 4

ANDY followed, and Pat, glancing back, noted his surrender. She said, "It's not far. This is awfully nice of you."

"Yes, it is," he agreed.

She skipped to keep up with him. "Don't get cross again. You have such a dear smile."

"Thank you."

She leaned forward to get a better view of his face. "I thought we could be friends as long as . . . you're here, but that was a mistake, wasn't it?"

If she was trying to find out how long he'd be in town, she failed. And if she were trying to make him feel like a cad, she failed. The signal flashed red as they reached the corner. "Where," he demanded, "are we going?"

She turned all around and said, "That's odd. I could have sworn I left it between Simpson's and here. We've passed it while I was talking."

They went back down the hill. Abruptly she stopped so that he was past her before he realised it. "It's gone," she cried. "It's stolen." She met his eyes. "You don't believe me."

"I don't believe it's stolen," said Andy carefully, "always presuming we're looking for the car."

"Give me my things," she said laughingly. "Give them to me and go away."

What would he look like—six feet to her five-foot-three—burying her under packages and going off? Now was the time, he thought bitterly, for someone they knew to see them. That would be perfect. He wasn't sure which would be worse: to run into his commanding officer or his co-mother-in-law. He managed with his patience. "We are looking for the car, aren't we?"

"A cream-colored coupe, in case you've forgotten," she said.

He let his eyes run along the block of parked cars and across the street . . . up and down. "May be in the next block," he headed for the post office.

"I won't have you hugging my packages round," she said at his elbow, sparks in her eyes, stop signals in her cheeks. "Give them to me."

"When we find the car," he said grimly.

They reached the post office but not the coupe.

"Think hard," he said. "Are you sure you drove this morning? Check back carefully over everything you did."

She straightened, lifting her face, shutting her eyes tight as if she were praying, her hands clasped in earnestness. Andy was shaken.

Pat's eyes popped open, surprising him. She smiled. "Why, of course. Union Street. I went in the back door of Simpson's, so it was natural to expect to find the car right by the door when I came out, only I came out a different door. Don't you see?"

"Dimly," said Andy.

They retraced their steps and turned north just as an elderly officer with red tabs stepped from a restaurant door. Andy detoured to stare into a shop window. Pat stared at him.

"Who was he?" she asked. "Someone you know or someone you don't want to know?"

"Listen!" He got red explaining the rule about parcels. He understood the where and why, but women have no logic. He saw how it sounded to her from her canting eyebrows and the mocking little curl of her lips.

"Then give me my bundles," she said. "I've been trying to get them from you for half an hour. If that isn't just like a man!"

Andy's old rage flared up. He held the packages tighter and snarled as she tugged and jerked.

A string broke. With a whisper of tissue paper something was unrolling. Andy lifted his knee

to intercept it as Pat swooped. His knee connected with her chin.

He whooped, overbalanced, flung wide his arms to save himself. It was one of those split-second things with boxes and paper bags raining on all sides. Andy kept his feet by a miracle.

"Pat!" he said. He picked her up and dusted her off. "Are you all right?"

She squeezed her eyes shut and moved her head slowly. "I guess my neck isn't broken." And she grinned.

She would always grin—he knew suddenly. No matter what came she'd see a funny side. She always had, even when he couldn't see a funny side at all. But he was slow and literal, and conscientious. His limitations were no secret.

He leaned her up against the plate glass and began to gather the packages.

"I'll carry them," said Pat. "I insist. Thank you very much. You've been a good sport, but there's no use making a martyr of you. Good-bye." Not looking at him, she began to arrange packages

around and under her arms.

"If I ate the cakes," he said, "you'd have less to carry."

She snatched the sack. "Not. They're for . . . someone special."

"Oh."

She said firmly, "Thanks again. Good-bye."

"And the coupe?"

"In Union Street. I'm all right now."

She would have aided by him, but he took hold of the big box. "You can combine things, and have less to carry. Now this little sack can go in here."

"No, Andy. No! Please . . . ohhh!" She mourned as he opened the box.

His hands felt big, and rough, and dark against the creamy lace chiffon. It was a cobweb of a negligee—for a bride. Andy blinked. He tossed the little parcel in the middle of it fiercely, trying to swallow a lump. The lid was one of these diabolical things. It came unfolded at the corners. It wouldn't fit. Lace trothed out at one end, and when he tucked it in, it foamed out at the other.

He asked: "Who's the lucky man?" His voice came out harsh instead of casual.

She wasn't embarrassed, only sorry. He clenched his fists. "Do you mind?" she asked gently.

"Mind? Me? None of my business. That is . . . if he's all right. Wouldn't want you to make a mistake, Pat. I feel sort of . . ."

"Manger-doggish," she suggested. She reclaimed the box. "It's what we always agreed on, isn't it?"

"Why, of course."

"Long before we were married we decided. Remember, Andy. That afternoon when we stopped in the park and sat by the fountain."

He couldn't help remembering. "Of course, we were pretty adolescent then," he said.

"We promised we'd be modern," Pat went on. "Marriage wouldn't be prison for us. Jealousies weren't going to muck up our lives, and if either of us found somebody else—"

Someone that grew more important . . . She broke off and then whispered, "How could it possibly last with that handicap?"

"You were the one that called time," said Andy. "Not me."

"Oh?" She smiled sadly. "And we promised always to be honest with each other, didn't we? Why did you pretend you were just tired of my keeping the household money in the extra sugar bowl? I know Gwyneth was a model of efficiency; you didn't have to tell me, did you?"

Over and over and over and . . . "Pat," said Andy. He was frightened by her quiet and the leadenness of her tone. He had an odd feeling, too, of having rehearsed this whole scene sometime, somewhere.

"So don't pretend," she said, "that you care at all whether I remarry or not." She clutched the bundles and trotted off, flinging a not-quite-successful grin over her shoulder. She walked fast, head high.

Andy put out his hand to grab her, to hang on. His memory went on. That last quarrel before their separation, which began when Pat said, "Of course, you admire her hate." Or was it something he had said earlier that started it?

Anyway, he answered, "I merely said she could teach you plenty about managing a home. If she filed my correspondence in a phone book . . ."

For months they'd been bickering like that, until the long-unpaid milliner's bill was sent to his office with a curt reminder.

Confronted, Pat said she had filed it in the phone book, and she'd just forgotten. Maybe it was under H for "hat," maybe under the milliner's name. Receipts and statements fluttered down as she shook the book. Perhaps it was under B for "blue hat." "It doesn't matter, Andy."

And Andy exploded. "I give up. This is the last straw."

"Is it?" Standing so straight and pale made her seem taller, older. "Perhaps you're right. I know I can't go on like this. Such little things, Andy, to . . . such little things! You don't love me any more, Andy." It was just a statement.

Such little things—an implied reproach! He was a lawyer and little things mattered. They were the difference between winning and losing. He balked at the phrase, not hearing or wanting to hear what she said after it, so he didn't protest.

She went on, "Bumps are little things, too . . . measles, I mean, and chickenpox . . . but they show you're sick. And our . . . our love . . . Let's not haggle till it's disease."

"Very well," he said. "Very well, if that's what you want."

A whole year away he could hear himself saying that, stiffly, and see himself, from some oddly remote point of view, stalking about packing his suitcases. And all the time Pat sat on the floor with the telephone directory in her lap. It was her choice, he kept telling himself.

And now, a year later . . . she was happy, wasn't she? She could laugh and be gay with him, not stiff and tense, not bottled up and defensive.

She'd be out of sight in a moment, around the corner. He followed in her wake, but he didn't try to catch up. She changed course, went straight as a bullet for the coupe . . . as if she'd known where it was all along.

He waited at the exit, shutting his eyes while she backed and jockeyed out of line. When he stepped forward she stopped politely and smiled as if she were trying to recall who he was.

"Going home, Pat?"

"Yes."

"Mind if I come along?"

"Y-yes. Sorry."

"Oh!" said Andy. He took his hand off the door and didn't say, "Slide over; I'll drive." For a moment, seeing her crossing directly to the car, he'd been suspicious of the whole thing—dropped bundles, lost car, even Gwyneth's tardiness.

He thought, "The little monkey! She engineered this. She loves me after all." But now he saw that was impossible. Pat wasn't subtle and devious. There was somebody new. She even bought cakes for him. Andy gazed at her teeth.

He said, "First you drape me with bundles, and now it's a brush-off. You don't make sense."

"Did I ever?" asked Pat.

"No."

"So I haven't changed, you see," she said.

"You . . ." began Andy, but couldn't finish. Suddenly he realised he didn't want her different. He loved her as she was, incompetent and dear, needing him. He frowned. Well, needing . . . someone!

"Oh, my!" she cried. "It's almost four-thirty. I must hurry."

"Well," he said, "Best of luck."

She smiled, such a smile—as if her mind and heart were miles away. "I'm afraid I don't trust to luck any more, Andy." And she added their own particular farewell, "Don't be long."

That was the picture he'd keep to carry with him, he thought after she drove off. And it was four-thirty!

He brought his mind back to Gwyneth, but with an odd relief from responsibility toward her. He'd go to the park. He'd tell her they'd been mistaken. He'd . . .

There was a scarlet glove at his feet. Pat's—no doubt of it. She always lost one glove, always the right one.

But Gwyneth was waiting. Gwyneth . . . He went into Simpson's and bought an orchid at the flower stall, and asked, "Where's the nearest taxi stand?"

He had to wait eons before it came. He told the driver to take him home. Just a gesture, he muttered to himself. The ex-bridegroom provides the flowers.

The streets looked grey and chilly.

Things didn't look as spruce as they used to, the porch needed painting, and the lower step sagged. "It takes a man," thought Andy. And his collar was tight.

It'll open your eyes  
when you find  
out what  
tests have proved



Pepsodent with Irium  
makes teeth far brighter

SEE if you don't find new brightness in your teeth . . . new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium, the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dirty film . . . floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner . . . in just one week they look far brighter.



For the safety of your smile—use Pepsodent twice a day . . . see your dentist twice a year.

PR-2-30

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





Personal Interviews with "Everyday" People



## "You can see my hands are full . . ."

"With children to look after, shopping to do and a home to run, I'm kept 'on the go' from dawn till dark. I've just got to have something to build up my energy, otherwise I couldn't carry on. That's where I find 'MILO' such a wonderful help. The vitamins in 'MILO,' the phosphates and mineral salts, do me a world of good. They help to keep me going. Everyone in our family drinks and enjoys 'MILO.' We all love its delicious chocolate-flavour."

*MILO is a delicious, chocolate-flavoured blend of pure country milk and malted cereals, fortified with energy-restoring vitamins, and containing phosphates, calcium and essential mineral salts.*

*In metropolitan areas, a 1-lb. tin of MILO costs only 2/3 from any chemist or store.*



# MILO

*The Fortified*  
**TONIC FOOD**

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT



## Gold in Your Backyard

Continued from page 5

FATHER merely waved, grim and polite. "I can think of nothing," he said, "that I would prefer doing," and he put the book away and went into the house.

Still he didn't stay cross about the rabbits, in fact he used to joke about them when he had guests, saying mother was going to make a lot of money out of them, and then he would retire. But he made it plain that there would be no holiday from him this year.

One day, when he was in a good mood, I tackled him about it, and asked if he really meant to keep the agreement.

"Of course," he said. "Suppose mother doesn't make money out of them? Suppose they are actually costing her a lot?"

"That would be a good lesson to her," he answered in his most stubborn manner.

We clipped the rabbits at the time set out in the book, which, by the way, said clipping was an easy business that one person could do it with a pair of scissors and that the rabbits liked it. Mother had the book propped up in front of her and tried to read it while she got ready to clip.

It was a very hot day, and it took us three hours to clip three rabbits. Then we had only a little tin of wool.

"How much fur do they give?" I asked mother.

"They are supposed to give a pound a year," she replied.

I did some swift thinking. "By last year," I said, "we should have three pounds. That would mean about 12. They cost more than that, didn't they?"

I did some more thinking and went on, "and then there was the cost of the butchers and all the food."

My mother said "Yes" very quietly, I didn't do any more reckoning up; it was too grim.

But, of course, there were the little rabbits; they might make things come right. In due course there were 24 little rabbits, two litters from the two does. They were the white gold in our backyard, also our main hope for the coming holidays. We took great care of them, and they were lovely, but no one would listen to mother when she tried to sell them.

Meanwhile holiday time was getting close, and Debby and I were very anxious. Then all at once I got an idea.

"We could advertise them in the newspaper," I said. "I've seen advertisements like that."

Debby agreed, and we wrote out a few samples, one of them headed: "See Mrs. Moreton, the Rabbit Queen, for Angoras."

We told mother of the idea and showed her the advertisement. She thought it was a good plan, but was not so strong for the Rabbit Queen heading.

She wrote another advertisement, giving just the address and the telephone number.

"It will come out on Saturday," my mother said. "That is the best day." We could hardly wait till Saturday. Everything would be all right after that.

Only it wasn't. All day we waited round for the telephone to ring.

"Maybe there will be some letters on Monday," Debby said.

There were no letters on Monday. Nor on Tuesday. Nor Wednesday. It was very serious. Then I had my really good idea. I called Debby up to my room and told her.

The next afternoon we went down to see Mr. Mulrooney.

Mr. Mulrooney runs a very good stable where they have hunters and other good riding horses. We like Mr. Mulrooney.

"Mr. Mulrooney," I said, "you haven't got anybody to help you here, have you?"

Mr. Mulrooney said that he certainly hadn't. He couldn't get anybody.

I took another gulp. "Mr. Mulrooney," I said, "would you like to have two people who would come in every afternoon and clean the saddles and bridles—and—generally help round? Would you?"

Mr. Mulrooney looked at us very quickly. Then he grinned. "And who might those two be?" he asked. "Us," Debby said. She got red in the face. I was afraid Mr. Mulrooney was going to ask a lot of questions. But he didn't.

"Yes," he said, "you come every afternoon—regular, mind you—and I'll pay you two shillings each O.K.?"

We said it was O.K. That was four shillings a day. But Debby looked at me. My face got redder and redder.

"Could we have the first month in advance, Mr. Mulrooney?" I said.

"We—we need it now," Mr. Mulrooney looked somewhat startled. He considered the matter.

"O.K.," he said. "Here's the money. Say it's a long month." He held the money out, but we did not take it.

"We don't want the money," I said. "We want you to keep it, and—get somebody to buy something for us. Somebody that we don't know."

Mr. Mulrooney frowned, completely puzzled.

So we explained to him—about the rabbits, and how we had to sell them. Mr. Mulrooney looked as if he were going to choke several times, but he didn't. When I was through, he just nodded.

"I'm in," he said. "I see. You want some stranger to call and take 'em, and then I keep 'em all here for you. That it?"

"Yes," I said. "Then maybe later we can really sell them."

"And how many would there be?" Mr. Mulrooney asked.

"About twelve or so," I said.

"O.K., kids," he said. "You just leave it to me. I get it."

And we thanked him very much, and went home.

When we got home the next evening mother was all excited. "Guess what happened," she said. "I sold eight does and four bucks. Isn't that wonderful?"

"Who bought them?" Debby asked.

"Oh, a man came," mother said, "from the advertisement. Somebody I'd never seen. He had just a certain amount to spend, and I let him have them."



THE LITTLE SCOUTS

"I hope he's headin' for where I'm supposed to be takin' him!"

Debby and I sighed a little in relief.

"We just won't say anything about this to father," our mother said, gloating happily. "We'll just keep it for a surprise."

It would be a surprise all right. The next morning there was another surprise. A bad one.

The postman came while we were having breakfast. There were some bills and things, and a letter addressed to PLM, with our street number. It was the address we had given in the advertisement. We watched mother open it.

"Well," father said, "what's the letter?" He lit a cigarette.

Mother looked very dismayed. And a little helpless. "It's," she began—"it's from someone—someone who wants to buy rabbits. He—"

My father looked at his watch and got up. "Well," he said, "that's the best piece of news I've had for weeks. I hope he wants them all."

Our mother seemed most disturbed. "That's," she faltered—"that's the trouble. He does. He wants a lot. He won't take less than twenty. And more, if I have them. He says he buys only in his lots."

"Hurray," my father said. "My mother's eyes got very big—the way they do when she is bewildered about something. 'But,' she said pitifully—'but I can't. I've already sold twelve. I haven't twenty.'"

My father was getting into his overcoat in the hall. "So you have sold some, eh?" he said, surprised. "Well, for goodness sake, try to sell him what's left. Probably he'll take those. . . Come on, I've got to get that train."

Mother left to drive him to the station. Debby and I looked at each other. We were sunk.

We got on our bikes to go to school. It was terrible. We had all those rabbits and had to work for them. And now they could all have been sold.

On the way we passed Mr. Tetus, the porter. "Hello," he called, stopping. "How's the rabbits?"

"Fine," we said.

Mr. Tetus called something after us, but we kept on pedalling. We did not want to talk about rabbits to anyone. During the day I decided what we would have to do. We

would have to talk to father. We couldn't tell mother about it.

Father did not get home until late that night, so we had to wait till the next morning. Saturday it was. Right after breakfast we got him in his study. For several minutes we just stood and looked at him. It was very difficult.

"Well," he said finally, "what's happened now? Out with it."

I stammered a lot, but I got it all out finally.

Father listened and a very strange look came over his face. A smile quirked down at the corners of his mouth. He whispered, "Good grief. Wouldn't you know?"

"Wouldn't you know what?" Debby asked.

"Wouldn't you know that would happen?" he said. He looked at us and his smile was ashamed, almost.

"You see," he said, and he was very guilty—"you see, I sent in this last letter. About the man who wanted twenty or more. I saw the advertisement in the paper."

We just stared at him amazed. "You did?" I managed finally. "So you were going to buy them, too?"

My father nodded. It was all getting clear. He hadn't wanted mother to be without holiday money either. He hadn't intended to keep on with it. He had been wonderful.

"But what are we going to do now?" I asked.

Father shook his head. And then the doorbell rang. My mother answered it.

"Why, Mr. Tetus," she said, "good morning."

And Mr. Tetus said, "Good morning, ma'am. I came to see if I could maybe get some of those Angora rabbits from you. I thought if I could give some of my grandchildren—You think I could get some from you? Quite a few?"

THEN we heard mother say, "Well, I don't really know, Mr. Tetus. You see, I've sold—"

And then my father moved very rapidly. He was out in the hall in only one step almost, and he was saying, "Just a minute, dear. Could I speak to you for a minute? . . . If you'll excuse me, Mr. Tetus."

And Mr. Tetus said, "Certainly," and father brought mother into the study.

He was very embarrassed. He was red. But he told her. He told her everything. "So," he said—"so you see, you can go right ahead with Tetus. Go right ahead, please."

Mother looked at us and at him, and then she smiled wisely.

"So," she said, "so." But she was not angry. She was not angry at all. She went back to Mr. Tetus.

"I think," she said, "that I could let you have quite a lot, Mr. Tetus. In fact, I could let you have the three older ones and twenty-three young ones. If you want all those."

Mr. Tetus said that he did. Mr. Tetus seemed very pleased about the whole thing. He and mother went out to look at the rabbits. Father winked at us.

Mother came in and stood in the doorway and smiled at us, nodding her head as if she knew all about us.

My father lit a cigarette hurriedly. "So you sold them all, eh?" he said, a little flatter.

"Yes, I did," mother said. "I sold them all. And for cash."

"Well," father said, "I hope you're cured now. I hope there won't be any more of these animal ventures."

Mother looked at him and held up a finger.

"Tut-tut," she said implacably. I thought, but my father just grinned at her sheepishly and lovingly.

(Copyright)

WHY IS YOUR SHEET SO MUCH WHITER THAN MY SHIRT?

IT'S PERSIL WHITE

Just compare Persil whiteness with the whiteness you get from the best of ordinary washers! The difference will amaze you. The reason is that Persil's suds are charged with oxygen—so they're extra active, extra cleansing. Gently they wash away every trace of dirt—not some of it . . . not most of it . . . but ALL OF IT. Persil washes whiter because it washes cleaner. When you see Persil whiteness you'll wonder why you were ever satisfied with anything else.

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

Persil REGISTERED

USE PERSIL ALONE

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

P.325.19



# SECOND HUSBAND

*It was not fair to Andy, she thought — the constant memory of her first marriage*

**By W. T. BUDLONG**

**U**NTIL he said good-night, Anne was at peace. The garden was dark and cool round her, the steps were safe and familiar under her feet. She was marrying Andy to-morrow, and all the halts and turnings lay behind her. She was blessedly content.

"Good-night, Anne," Andy had said slowly. "To-morrow night I won't say good-bye."

As swiftly as that, peace was snatched away from her. She was remembering Phil's voice, years back, the night before another wedding, saying, "We'll never have to say good-bye again."

She fought against the memory with nightmare slowness. To-night was Andy's. To-night belonged to her and Andy. She turned to him now, and his hands closed tightly on hers.

"Don't let me remember," she said with a desperate urgency. "Andy—don't let me remember."

"We can't forget, can we?" he said. "Darling—we're here—"

"Yes," she said gratefully, "we're here. You're here," and she held on to him. They would be married to-morrow, they were starting a new clear road.

"We'll make a good life," Andy said, and just the calm sureness of his voice could rest her.

"Yes," she said again. "I know it." As long as she looked ahead, everything was safe. She must not let herself look back. He walked away, his footsteps muffled on the grass.

In her own room, she looked round. Nearly everything was packed.

The dressing-table drawer was still open, where she had stopped sorting over jewellery boxes when Andy came. She had been fooling herself before; she had been putting off the time when she had to open the blue velvet box.

Now she went straight to the drawer and took out the blue box. She opened it and stared down at the ring, a wide platinum band with chunky gay flowers engraved on it—her wedding ring, Phil's ring.

It seemed so long ago, that wedding, that it was hard to remember the girl she had been that day. She had been excited about the wedding; she had been sharply conscious of how she felt, but not of what Phil might be feeling. Incredible, that she had been married as young as that. Incredible to have ever been so young, so young that everything she touched was gay.

She had put the ring away in its blue box the day she knew that she loved Andy. She hadn't put it away sadly, because she couldn't feel sad about Phil. She always remembered him laughing.

They had had such a short bright marriage. Just a few weeks in the little house, new weeks that didn't seem real yet. And when he had gone into the Army Phil had still been laughing as he said good-bye.

"We've had fun," Phil said, just before he swung on the train. "Smile for the soldier, Lovely—"

And she had smiled, and then laughed with him as he raced after the moving train and pulled himself aboard.

The telegram from the War Department had taken away more than Phil. It had taken away all that gay breathlessness, with fun just round the corner. It had taken away the magic formula she had believed because she was young: that nothing bad could happen to her.

After the first aching hurt was dulled, she had floated somehow into a curious backwater of feeling. She worked at the library, she went on with the war work she had started, but nothing mattered sharply. And the little house never felt like a home for always; it was a place to wait, till she found her way on.

The ring slipped in her fingers, and Anne pulled herself back from remembering. She put the ring back in the blue box and closed the lid. It was remembering that made the trouble, when she was with Andy. Like that minute on the steps.

But—what would she do with the ring? She stood there in startled indecision. She couldn't throw it away—it hurt even to think of that—it would be like denying that Phil had ever lived. But you couldn't get married to a man with another man's wedding ring rattling round in your pocket. Finally she put it in her suitcase with a lot of paper she had to decide about some rainy day.

She had just started tackling the dressing-table drawer again when the knock came on her door. Did she have to talk to Elena—to-night? But that was silly. Elena, her sister, had come for the wedding, and she was ready for a long sisterly talk to-night. Well, it would be a short sisterly talk.

"Come in—," said Anne. Elena walked in with that slow way of hers.

"How's Andy?" she said. She sat on the bed, and Anne dropped down beside her.

"Andy's perfect," said Anne, with a grin for her earnest tone.

Elena smiled back, nodding. "You two are going to be a good team. One of the real ones, Anne."

Anne leaned back, relaxing. She could think out loud to Elena.

"We're so happy now, we've got to go on being happy," she said slowly.

Elena looked across at her. "What's wrong, Anne?"

"I can't stop remembering," Anne said.

Elena asked, "What does it do to you?"

"It's funny," Anne said. "I never feel disloyal to Andy—when I remember Phil."

**A**LL along, that had been true. When Andy had come back to town with a medical discharge, and she had grown to know him, she had felt no moment of wrongness toward Phil. She had to go on; everybody had to go on; and Andy was asking her to think of him.

"Everything is new for Andy," she said aloud to Elena. "He hasn't been married before. It's all shining new for him. But—I try so hard just to think of Andy, just Andy and me. And then something comes along—he says something or does something—and I remember that very same thing with Phil. What'll I do, Elena? It isn't fair to Andy—when I love him so much."

Elena was turning her blue dressing-gown cord over and over in her hands with tightening nervous fingers.

"I can see—how Andy might mind—some kinds of remembering," she told Anne slowly. "I've never said much about it, but Jim is—possessive."

Anne was used to thinking of Jim as her brother-in-law and not puzzling about his relationship with Elena. She studied her sister now, recalling signs of strain between them.

"You mean Jim is jealous?" she asked frankly.

"That's not the half of it," Elena said with fervor. "Why, Anne, you know I'd never look sideways at another man. But Jim is always getting angry at the way someone joked with me, or my dancing twice with the same man. Men are like that sometimes about their wives, wanting to own them entirely."

"Maybe that's right," Anne said. "And Andy is proud. He wouldn't come right out with something, like Jim, Elena—"

Elena looked up then, with that swift warming of her brown eyes.

"Anne, dear—you know how I want everything to be perfect for you. And you and Andy are perfect together. You mustn't let anything go wrong."

With swift, warm urgency she added, "Don't ever let him mind—that you've been married before."

It sounded simple when Elena said it, but Anne wasn't so sure how to go about it.

"Don't you worry," she said aloud. "We'll be all right, Elena."

Elena stood up. "You always seem such a little girl to me, Anne."

"I'm twenty-four," Anne said with a swift grin. "And Andy is almost thirty. We're practically middle-aged."

"Idiot," Elena said, with a quick, rumpling hand on Anne's curly head. "Bless you and good-night, dear."

She was gone, and Anne lay back and pulled a pillow under her head. The picture of Phil in uniform caught her eyes, standing in its silver frame.

Please turn to  
page 27



"This is all wrong, Anne," Andy said, bending down to pick up the ring.



## Continuing . . . Second Husband

from page 26

FOR some reason Anne wanted that picture along in the new life. It wasn't as personal as the ring. There ought to be a place for it. Well, she'd take the picture along and find a place for it somewhere. Andy wouldn't mind—would he?

And then suddenly she thrust the whole problem away. After she was married it would be easy. She was married now, and the past was still there. But when she was Andy's wife there would be no room for anything else.

The next day at noon, when she stood with him before the altar, she forgot everyone else. She was conscious of nothing but the look on Andy's face. And when he slipped the thin, simple, platinum circle on her finger, she saw only the way his fingers closed about her own.

The silence after the benediction closed them in together. Andy bent to kiss her, and there was no one in the world but the two of them.

It went on like that for the week they spent away. And if Andy had any hidden thoughts, he gave no sign.

Except once, when they were walking along the shore, late one afternoon.

"Where did you go, your other wedding trip?" he asked in his quiet voice.

The effect on Anne was as if he showed it. What was he thinking, what was he wondering?

"Scotland," she said.

"I've never been to Scotland," Andy remarked, as if they were discussing any casual trip of hers.

How much had he been thinking of Phil under that steady, quiet manner?

But she knew she would make it worse, whatever it was, if she kept on worrying. She reached out, and his hand was ready, waiting for her.

"You're a nice person, Anne," he said. And they went on from there, as if no question had been asked.

If they could have stayed for ever at the seaside, Anne thought later, they could have built themselves a life apart from anyone. But you

couldn't do that sort of thing; you had to go back sometime.

And going back made a difference, in little ways she hadn't expected. Almost as soon as they were back, and settling down in the house where Andy's family had lived, things started happening.

Aunt Sarah didn't help much. Andy's parents were dead, but his Aunt Sarah was very much present. She lived a little way down the street, and she came in nearly every day.

What Aunt Sarah did was to assume delicately that Anne's entire life had begun with her marriage to Andy. This gave Anne a slight feeling of unreality.

Andy was busy those days, getting into the routine of his law work. She understood about that, and the fact he tired more easily now, with the shrapnel tears in his side still giving him trouble. He had let things slide when he first got back from the war, and now she knew he wanted to swing into his work.

So most of the settling in at the house was her job. Andy had told her to give away any of his parents' things she didn't like. But Anne found them all friendly: the old deep-polished furniture, the pictures of people he had grown up with. She only brought a few of her own things, and the rest she sold with her house.

But of course there were the trunks with all the little belongings that she cared enough about to keep; all the way from the green doll set of Royal Worcester to the possessions of her older years.

Elena came for a week-end, to help her move and settle.

And it was Elena who scolded her about the snapshots. "You can't have pictures of Phil drifting all over the house."

"He's just in some group pictures," Anne retorted.

"That one in uniform?" said Elena.

Anne glanced across the living-room at the picture of Phil in the silver frame. She had put it on the back of the bookcase, among a

lot of framed photographs of friends and relatives of Andy.

"It's not doing any harm there," she said to Elena. "Honestly, Elena, I'm not going to be morbid about this, worrying over pictures."

"You're asking for trouble," Elena said. "You're just rubbing it in on Andy. Andy doesn't want to be reminded of Phil."

"You're making something out of nothing," Anne said flatly.

But she wasn't so sure after she and Andy had seen Elena off on the train. She took the picture of Phil off the bookcase, and looked round the room for the least conspicuous place to put it. And while she stood there, Andy left the wireless and came across to her.

"Let's see," he said.

Silently she handed him Phil's picture. He'd never met Phil, but he knew who it was, of course. She waited now while Andy studied the picture.

"Looks nice," Andy said briefly. He handed the photograph back to her without further comment.

ANNE was silent a moment, thinking deeply. Then she laid the picture on the bookcase, flat down. Andy stood it up again.

"Don't you want it here?" he asked her.

Anne wanted to say yes, but maybe Andy wished she would say no. She hesitated.

"Andy—" she said, and stopped, and still he waited.

"Do you happen to think of Phil sometimes?" she asked, trying to get something definite out in the open.

"Reasonably often," Andy said.

"Don't you?"

So there she was, on thin ground again, wishing so desperately to have only firmness under their feet. Did he want honesty, or did he want reassurance? She wanted honesty.

Turning away from the bookcase, she looked up at him. "I wish I knew you better, Andy."

CHANGING the subject abruptly, he said, "I'd like to have seen you when you were chasing round school."

She couldn't go on telling about Phil when he changed the subject with such flat finality.

Another time he looked at her suddenly as he was lighting his pipe, the flare of light making his eyes very clear.

"You've put most of your stuff in that little sewing-room," he remarked. "Your trunks and boxes. And that folded-up table."

"Yes, Andy." And she'd put all the pictures in the sewing-room, including the one in the silver frame.

"Don't you want to spread the stuff round the house?" He let a puff of smoke swirl between them, and she couldn't see his expression. "You keep the things from your other marriage shut away, Anne. Anne—were you very happy?"

She said honestly, "I was happy, Andy. But not like this, darling. Not the way I am with you." She waited for his answer, for reassurance.

But he had turned away, looking at the war map on the wall. He said finally, staring at the map, "It's not always easy, Anne—"

"Yes?" she said when he didn't go on.

"Sometimes I wonder—" Then he stopped suddenly. "Skip it, I'm just drivelling on," he said.

She remembered the way Jim always questioned Elena.

Andy kept talking on about Phil so many times—as if he couldn't forget Phil any more than she could.

The days went on, and the questions went on. And all the little things that troubled her piled together, finally, one afternoon when Aunt Sarah came to tea.

Aunt Sarah was a round little person with a round, smiling mouth that kept on talking. Anne gave her tea, and Andy listened to the talking.

He contributed a little himself. "Anne and Andy Barlow. Nice, the way our names are alike, isn't it, Aunt Sarah?"

Please turn to page 28

I wish you could see this doyley . . .

20 years old and washed regularly yet it looks brand new!

SAYS AUNT JENNY



ACTUAL LETTER FROM MRS. B. K. BRIGHT PROVES HOW VELVET SOAP MAKES LINENS LAST.

"Please find enclosed a doyley my youngest daughter worked when she was 10 years old," writes Mrs. Beatrice K. Bright, of 8 Smith St., Nth. Coburg, Vic., in a letter which can be seen in our office. Now her daughter has passed her thirtieth birthday and the doyley looks as new as when it was made because, says Mrs. Bright, "I never use any other soap but Velvet." Isn't that proof that Velvet makes linens last? Velvet's extra-soapy suds coax out grime and stains with just a few light finger rubs. And since there's no hard rubbing, everything stays like new year after year.

Tune in 11 a.m. every Mon.-Fri.  
"AUNT JENNY'S REAL-LIFE STORIES"



Mrs. Beatrice K. Bright, whose letter is printed here. She has used Velvet Soap for the past 25 years.

Her daughter Edna as she looks to-day, 20 years after making the doyley pictured on the left.





# Film fame shared by British couples

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

Two wives of English film idols who recently went with their husbands to Hollywood have been signed up for pictures there too.

Petite Lilli Palmer, whose husband, Rex Harrison, is now filming in 20th Century-Fox's "Anna and the King of Siam," beat a score of Hollywood stars to become Gary Cooper's leading lady in "Cloak and Dagger."

Pat Medina, wife of Richard Greene, who crossed the Atlantic to join him and have six months' vacation, has been snapped up by MGM for a long-term contract. She last played in "Waltz Time," and now script writers are busy preparing a vehicle for her Hollywood debut.

Cities for a role as an unpleasant, spoiled child in Daphne du Maurier's "Hungry Hill."

Playing his little sister in her film debut will be Margaret Lockwood's daughter, Margaret Julia.

SWISS film fans are soon going to hear a lot about the Australian film "The Overlanders," because director Harry Watt, who has now become a fervent ambassador for our country, has left by plane on a lecture tour on British films.

VALERIE HOBSON, Arthur Rank, and Sir Alexander Korda are among the film players who want to cement Anglo-Soviet friendship. In the same hall at Westminster where UNO conferences were held they are sponsoring a meeting for the British-Soviet Society.

THE beauty patch which has graced Margaret Lockwood's left cheek in her recent succession of period films has become her lucky charm. She often wears it when in street clothes. It is acquiring permanency, and will still be there when her latest ultra-modern vehicle, "Bedelia," appears.

IF judges changed their sentences like script writers, many criminals would be in a constant state of the jitters. Star of the gangster film "999," William Hartnell has learned with alarm that they have revised his film sentence of three years' imprisonment and are now going to hang him.

PLAYING a big part in Archer's "A Matter of Life and Death," with David Niven, Kim Hunter, and Raymond Massey, is a G.I. bride. Director Mickle Powell brought back blonde, tall Kathleen Byron from her new home in Georgia with her Air Corps officer husband to play the part of a W.A.A.F. officer.

WELL on the way to becoming England's top child actor is Tony Wager. Currently busy with his big role as the boy "Pip" in Dickens' film, "Great Expectations," another big offer has reached him from Two



YVONNE DE CARLO, Universal star, makes a pet of a fawn which strayed on to the location set where Yvonne is working on scenes for "The Lady Objects," a technicolor Western.

AUNT Sarah said deliberately, "Names are fascinating. Names are all colored to me. Jessica is red with spangles. Now, you're a deep yellow, Andy."

"Am I?" said Andy, looking pleased.

Perhaps it was because Anne was thinking about names, or perhaps there was no reason at all. Anyway, it happened.

"Any more tea, Anne?" Andy asked her.

"Yes, Phil," she said.

And instantly knew she had done it; she had switched the names before she knew her tongue had spoken. She sat there burning with anger at herself, and felt Aunt Sarah's eyes on her hot face.

She went on making conversation with Aunt Sarah, and at long last walked with her to the front door. "Good-bye, Aunt Sarah," she said, restraining her relief.

"Andy," she said, the minute the front door was closed—"Andy, I'm sorry I was dumb, mixing the names."

"Forget it," Andy said.

She followed him into the living-room, but he didn't look at her. Did he think that Phil was always in her mind, ready to be mentioned with a slip of the tongue?

"Andy," she said, with sudden determination, "is there something about Phil that's getting in between us?"

"Yes," he said. She stood there, chilled and alone. Now she knew there was really trouble. Maybe if she could make him understand that she had been a different person then, that Phil hadn't known the real grown-up Anne—

"I was different when I knew Phil," she began. "I was so much younger—I couldn't feel the same."

## Second Husband

Continued from page 27

Wait—I can show you—a crazy diary I used to keep—

She ran across to the suitcase under the couch, with all the papers she had to sort over. She pulled it out and opened it, fumbling through the letters and papers. She pulled out a bunch of them, and a bright streak of light flashed to the floor.

It lay there on the rug between them—Phil's ring.

Andy stared down at the ring. "For pity sake, Anne—"

Even her hands were cold. "I know," she said hopelessly. "It's my fault. I didn't know where to put it. And now—"

Andy moved swiftly, bending down to pick up the ring. "This is all wrong, Anne—"

She said, with bitter sincerity, "Andy, I don't know what you want me to do."

Andy looked at the ring, and back at her face.

"You need a magpie box," Andy said.

"A what?"

"My mother had one," he said. "A big box she called her magpie box. She kept all the little stuff she liked there, that reminded her of nice things. It was all together, and she'd open the lid sometimes and look in."

He handed her Phil's ring. "It belongs some place like that."

His eyes were smiling at her. And she knew that now they could talk, all clear, as if someone had opened a window on a breathless room.

Anne slipped the ring in her pocket, and when she realised the casualness of the gesture she knew the ring didn't trouble her any more.

"Andy," she said, "I can't forget Phil completely."

"Neither of us can," he answered. "But we haven't known how to talk about it. You never mention Phil, and that makes me feel queer. So



BETTY GRABLE, star of "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim," far Fox, and featured player Anne Revere are visited on the set by Betty's little daughter, Victoria Elizabeth. Betty and her husband, Harry James, recently bought a ranch which they visit at week-ends.

## Shirley Temple is cook in her own home

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

Shirley Temple, Hollywood's youngest matron, greeted me with outstretched hands when I visited her during the first day's shooting of her RKO film titled "Honeymoon."

I NOTICED the square-cut diamond and the wedding ring on her left hand, and a burn on the right hand. Shirley told me, "I got the burn cooking hamburger steaks last night, but it won't show in the picture."

Shirley's mother sat outside her portable dressing-room reading, while Shirley took me inside. "Mother must be on the set with me every day until I am eighteen. According to the rules of the Board of Education I am still a child, though married, and must be supervised," she said.

Shirley's most exciting moments are housekeeping. She makes the beds and cleans the house before starting her day's shooting. "But Jack gets his own breakfast. I never eat breakfast, so he prepares his bacon and eggs while I clean the house. I am on a strict budget. Jack pays for everything. Our house is next door to my parents and belonged to me, but I sold it to Jack when he married and he paid for the redecorating. I am having French provincial furniture and chintz curtains. I think my role as housewife much more exciting than pictures."

### Attended school

PREPARING for the role of wife is a serious business to Shirley. She attended the Hillcroft Cooking School, where she earnestly practised making biscuits, pancakes, and waffles until they were perfect. She has not any servants and does not want them. "I hope to have three children—two boys and a girl. I may give up my career then, as I would hate to have to nurse babies and only see them when I come home after a day's work."

Hollywood's former child star, who is now a millionairess, still shops carefully, saving pennies and learning to economise. "I was lucky in getting five pounds of flour last week, which made Jack's birthday cake, but my ration coupon only entitles me to five pounds until next month, so I am going carefully."

Though she is immersed in housekeeping details, Shirley has long-range dreams. "We hope to take a trip around the world one day and want to visit Australia. Papa sent me two wallabies, which I gave to the Zoo here, and which I visit often," she said.

## Film Reviews

### LOVE LETTERS

GOOD direction, superb acting and photography lift Paramount's tear-jerker story into top grade.

Stars are Jennifer Jones and Joseph Cotten, but there is three-star merit in the jobs done by Australians Ann Richards and Cecil Kellaway.

The plot is involved, but deals with the tragic result of love letters written by one soldier on behalf of another to his fiancée.

A misunderstanding of the alleged writer leads the girl to marry him only to discover his worthlessness. He is murdered and the girl becomes a victim of amnesia. The original letter-writer returns home and determines to solve the mystery, clear the girl of a murder charge, and help her back to health.

The promise shown by Jennifer Jones in earlier films is more than fulfilled by her portrayal of the heroine. There is a few quality to her work which is appealing, and she keeps the dramatic tension at a high level. Joseph Cotten, always a fine actor, is quietly restrained and a splendid balance for Miss Jones. Ann Richards, as a friend of Miss Jones, has jumped to star level with this film, and Cecil Kellaway in a character role is first-class. Gladys Cooper also deserves praise.

In spite of its complicated plot, audiences will find emotional interest in an unusual film because of its intelligent handling—Prince Edward; showing.

### YOU CAME ALONG

LAUGHTER and tears are planned to mingle in this Hal Wallis production for Paramount. Over-shadowing the mad, gay adventures

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent  
★★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average.

of three 'devil-may-care' airmen on a bond-selling tour is the mortal illness of the maddest, gayest of the three.

Robert Cummings, Don DeFore, and Charles Drake romp so lightly, heartedly, and pursue girls so wildly, that the impending doom of Robert is forgotten most of the time in all the hilarious fun. All the more nerve-shattering when it rears its ugly head at such moments as his marriage to Elizabeth Scott.

Elizabeth, representing the Treasury Department on the tour, knows all about it, but snatches hapless while she may.

The sentimental story is saved from being maudlin by the slick producing, excellent acting, and some pleasant staging by Helen Forrest.

The title song strain, "You Came Along From Out of Nowhere," is interwoven through the story—Victory; showing.

### THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

A LIGHT comedy of the "love 'em and leave 'em" type presents stars Laraine Day and Robert Young in fairly successful roles for RKO.

Bob is the Air Force "Walt" (with a capital "W"), whose attempt to win Laraine temporarily from his pal Bill Williams lands him into a more serious mood with more honorable intentions. Likeable Bob keeps the plot on comedy line, but Laraine hasn't much else to do but look pretty. Ann Harding, as her mother, makes a welcome return to the screen, but Bill Williams is unbelievably ingenious—Century; showing.





## *Movie World*

● LUCILLE BREMER has been selected by Fred Astaire as his partner in "Yolande and the Thief," so he evidently found he enjoyed dancing with her in MGM's "Ziegfeld Follies." It was in this film that Lucille was given her first big part. She also helped

map out the dance scenes. This auburn-haired, blue-eyed New Yorker came to the screen from the stage, where she was in "Lady in the Dark," "Panama Hattie," and "Dancing in the Streets." Her first screen role was in "Meet Me in St. Louis."



## In only 10 days This Complexion Miracle



Skin that looks as though it has had an expensive massage—thanks to amazing discoveries by cosmeticians in recent years



You can do  
what this girl did  
...with today's  
**Erasmic  
Creams**

In only 10 days! It sounds like a fairy tale... but thousands of women who are using to-day's Erasmic Creams have astounding friends with the ravishing change in their complexions after this simple 10-day beauty care. Here's all you do:

1. Each morning (and whenever you make up) put your powder over a glamourising foundation of ERASMIC VANISHING CREAM. Then you'll radiate loveliness for hours. A precious ingredient has now been added to make Erasmic Vanishing Cream softer, lighter and spread amazingly fast.

2. Each night, smooth luscious ERASMIC COLD CREAM into

your skin. It's now a specially deep cleansing cream—it clears your skin of all clogging secretions... softens any little lines.

3. Remove cream-softened dirt and old make-up with a soft cloth, always wiping upwards. Wash with warm water and soap. Pat the skin dry.

4. Into your now immaculate skin, massage a little more Erasmic Cold Cream and leave on all night. It will give your skin a flower-fresh look and a satiny feel.

Both creams are sold in handy tubes and jars—price 1/2 each—get yours to-day and see the difference in your skin in only 10 days!

E-403A

## THE DOCTOR'S DIARY

Blood Pressure means the force of the pressure of blood against the walls of your arteries. Toxins (poisons) in your blood cause High Blood Pressure. This common case of High Blood Pressure will interest you.



Doctor: (After examining patient): "Your Blood Pressure is far too high. We'll have to get that down."

Patient: "But, Doctor, I thought when you had High Blood Pressure you became practically an invalid."

Doctor: "No. Not at first, because simple High Blood Pressure can be treated quite easily—if you neglect it, of course, it will wear out your heart and kidneys."

Patient: "What are the symptoms, Doctor?"

Doctor: "It affects people in different ways. Dizziness, Bladder Weakness, Surging of Blood to Head—these often indicate High Blood Pressure. Headaches, Failing Sight, Aches in Shoulders and Limbs, Swellings, Back Pains are other everyday symptoms."

Patient: "Tell me, Doctor, actually what causes High Blood Pressure?"

Doctor: "High Blood Pressure is caused by toxins (poisons) in your blood stream. As these toxins increase, your blood becomes congested and the blood pressure gets higher and higher—affecting your Kidneys. Thus High Blood Pressure can be the cause of such common ailments as Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, Backache, and the other complaints I've mentioned also."

Patient: "Then it's apparent that a normal blood pressure is most important from a health point of view?"

Doctor: "Decidedly. If you keep your Blood Pressure normal you will live longer and healthier."

Simple High Blood Pressure can now be easily controlled with Dr. Mackenzie's Menthids. (Fishes for Surging of Blood to Head), Dizziness, Depressing Headaches at top and back of Head, Bladder Weakness, Loss of Energy, Irritability and General Depression, are often caused by High Blood Pressure. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthids from your nearest Chemist or Store, and begin the Menthid treatment right away. A pure herbal treatment, Menthids can only do you good. They may be taken with safety by even the most delicate patient.

Get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Menthids from your nearest Chemist or Store. Large flasks are 6/6; small flasks 3/6—and each contains a valuable FREE Diet Chart.

MSTA

## Film story of "Smithy's" life



1 IN 1919 "Smithy" (Ron Randall) wants to enter the first England-Australia flight contest, but is refused permission by Prime Minister Hughes.



2 YEARS LATER, Charles Ulm (John Tate) and "Smithy" meet Sir Hubert Wilkins (John Dease) and buy his plane for a trans-Pacific flight.



3 WITH BACKING from American Captain Hancock, "Smithy" and crew in their plane renamed "Southern Cross" receive tumultuous welcome at Honolulu during their famous trans-Pacific flight in 1928.



4 AFTER a flight to England "Smithy" meets his future wife, Mary Powell. (Muriel Steinbeck) on ship.

### Based on career of flier

PRODUCED by Columbia Studios, the life story of Australia's most famous airman, Sir Charles Kingsford Smith, was filmed in Australia. It took two years to make, and cost £75,000.

The starring role was given to young actor Ron Randall, and a long cast was carefully chosen to represent the many people associated with "Smithy."

Appearing as themselves are Billy Hughes, Captain P. G. Taylor, and John Stannage. Muriel Steinbeck has the role of Smithy's wife.



5 AGAINST her wishes, he flies to England in 1935 to get backing for a trans-Tasman mail service.



6 THOUGH ILL, "Smithy," with Pethybridge (Alan Herbert), starts to fly home but disappears on the way.

**Your hands, Madam - are what you make them**

**Excitingly New!**  
Keeps hands soft, white and beautiful

**Drest**  
Honey & Glycerine  
HAND JELLY

Delightfully fragrant—quickly absorbed, leaves no greasy, sticky feeling... Drest Jelly softens the hands and smoothes away cracks, chapping or roughness.

1/6  
HONEY GLYCERINE JELLY TUBE

Australian Agents:  
SALMON & SPRAGGON (Aust.) PTY. LTD. All States.

**DomineX**  
REGD.

**Coats**  
THE CHOICE  
OF EVERY WELL  
DRESSED WOMAN

AT ALL LEADING STORES



# FORMAL DRESSES

... inspired by  
French designers

● French designer Jacques Fath favors bustle back dresses and plaids for evening. Adapted from one of his models is this dramatic gown (below) with fitted green top, deep blue skirt with slim trailing fullness, and a bustle draped plaid taffeta sash.

● Adapted from Marcel Rochas' lovely formal taffeta evening gown, the skirt full and tiered, showing a crisp frill of broderie anglaise. On each shoulder, like an epaulet, poses a cluster of close white blossom.

● This dress, taken from a Lucien Lelong model, with red velvet top and ivory satin skirt banded round the hemline with the velvet, is an inspired example of what one could achieve with the skirt of an old gown by adding a new top, bustle bow, and trailing ends.





"DULUX" IS SO EASY TO USE...SO QUICK TO DRY!



"Yes, in me you see a real 'Dulux' enthusiast! I'm as busy as a bee redecorating with lovely colour all my chairs, cabinets, doors, tables and fittings. How I love to see everything bright and shining with the freshness that only 'Dulux' can give. It's nice to know, too, that the beauty of 'Dulux' will stay for YEARS AND YEARS!"



THE SYNTHETIC FINISH  
SUPERSEDES STAINES AND VARNISHES  
A product of British Australian Lead  
Manufacturers Pty. Ltd.,  
Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide.

★ COLOUR MAGIC  
FOLLOWS THE  
"DULUX" BRUSH

WWD22



"So tired, I felt drugged"

"I found as I got older that I took less and less real exercise... and I was so tired all the time, I felt as though I were drugged, I didn't realise how much difference keeping regularly well could make until I started my breakfast with Kellogg's All-Bran."

You can't hope to look at your best or feel at your best

unless your system is functioning smoothly and naturally — and Kellogg's All-Bran is the SAFE WAY to keep your system in good working order, because it's rich in the "bulk" you need to exercise the internal muscles and keep them up to the mark.

So many of our modern foods are soft — they lack "bulk". That's where the trouble may start — unless you get that missing "bulk" back in your diet with Kellogg's All-Bran.

Just start your breakfast each morning with one ounce of Kellogg's All-Bran and you should find that you are right back to normal within a week.

Here's how to keep fit with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

Pour about half a cup of All-Bran (one ounce) on to your plate, add milk and sugar and sliced bananas or stewed fruit in season. You'll agree that nut-sweet Kellogg's All-Bran is particularly enjoyable with fruit.



THIS YOUNG AUSTRALIAN has a smooth, finely textured skin which she cures for in a sensible way. Every night she cleanses it thoroughly, then puts in a little cream with gentle upward and outward strokes to keep it soft and moist.

## For Good Looks . . .

● Last week we discussed skin types and the general programme of skin care for everyone. Now we'll deal with that bugbear, dry skin.

By CAROLYN EARLE

FIRST of all I am most anxious to know whether you were able to decide the skin group to which you belong. Or if you were not able to do it personally, did you seek good advice?

I do hope so, as it's most important. You see, from that point onward it's no trick at all to establish the correct method or combination of methods for your good-looks programme.

A few lucky women seem to have lovely skins in spite of what they do, rather than because of it, but all women can achieve a good skin with proper care, internally and externally.

Your skin is being made over and over again daily, and it has been said that what you DO this month determines what sort of skin you will HAVE next month.

So you have a dry skin? As a matter of fact, so have I, and it is the most common skin condition of all, brought about to a large degree by the use of too many devitalised foods, being indoors too much in offices and the like, and perhaps a little slackness in taking swift steps to counteract the condition. Does the latter strike a chord?

Tiny, hairlike lines form, particularly round the eyes; it is not necessarily a question of age—wrinkles appear quite early on in women who have certainly not lived sufficiently long to warrant them.

You might also have noticed that your legs have a dry, flaky appearance, with arms and elbows not as smooth as you would have them, and your skin may have a tendency to itch after your bath. . . . All signs of a dry skin starving for lubrication.

Now, here's your programme:

Cleanse your face with a generous coating of cleansing cream—you can happily slather it over your face and neck, using a gentle upward and outward motion with the fingertips; remove the first coating of cream and apply a second, once more removing it thoroughly. Then dip a pad of absorbent cotton in cold water, saturate it with skin freshener, and pat over the face and neck.

Having selected a suitable night-cream (something rich in lanolin or some other penetrating emollient oils to keep the skin moist and soft), apply it lavishly, and if your skin is especially dry leave a film on it overnight.

In the morning cleanse your skin again, pat on freshener, followed by your make-up base.

For body lubrication, choose a good rich lotion that will be quickly absorbed, and for best results use it immediately following your bath while your pores are still open.

And, finally, watch your diet! Drink lots of water, milk, and fruit juice, and even if it is in short supply don't be mean about butter, cheese, and other dairy products and fats.

## Vitamins in pre-natal diet

By SISTER MARY JACOB

A GOOD choice of the "protected" foods, forming what is known as a well-balanced diet, should supply sufficient vitamins for everyday needs.

However, the diet in the pre-natal period is so vitally important that the expectant mother needs an abundance of vitamins and mineral salts both to protect her own health and to provide for the building of her coming babe.

Vitamin defects in her diet during this time may cause troubles that cannot be adequately adjusted later, no matter how good the post-natal diet and care.

A leaflet dealing with this important subject can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Fifth Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Please send stamped addressed envelope for copy.

Back again!  
First for years!

WATERPROOFED  
FAWN  
GABERDINE —



Created by —



Sold by Leading Stores.....



FULL SUPPLIES  
OF  
AUNT MARY'S  
BAKING POWDER  
AVAILABLE FROM  
YOUR GROCER!





## This is certainly a case for Zam-Buk

The feet should be bathed every night in warm water. Then after being thoroughly dried they should be well massaged with Zam-Buk.

Zam-Buk soon removes corns, chafing, soreness and swellings. It is wonderfully soothing. If you are a sufferer, try this ointment for a week.

There's relief for Everyone in

**ZAM-BUK**

1/6 a jar.

## BABY'S HEALTH DEPENDS ON HIS EATING HABITS!

Modern methods of infant feeding may be likened to the science of architecture, in that both are concerned with the building of a structure that will withstand the test of time. Infant feeding differs in one major respect—that of "habits of nutrition." It is acknowledged that habits, good or bad, are established during the early months of baby's life, and perhaps the most important of all is the eating habit. Babies, and growing children, must have ample Vitamin B and good Protein for growth, digestion, appetite and bone and muscle development to be assured. Such development calls for the "home cooked" food habit, for only in home cooked meals can you obtain the full quota of essential vitamins and minerals.

Such a cereal is ENERTONE. It is concentrated, non-irritating, vitamin-enriched, easily digested and requires the minimum of cooking. ENERTONE is rich in body-building protein and minerals and contains three times as much Vitamin B as is present in whole wheat or other infant foods. ENERTONE is a delight in the palate, quick and easy to prepare and very economical. "It costs only three ha'pence a day, to nourish baby the Enertone way!"

ENERTONE is sold by chemists only at 2/6 per 20 oz. canister.

Pro-Vita  
**ENERTONE**

PF3-6

Handy  
in Home & Garden

HAR BUTT'S  
**Plasticine**

The ever-plastic material  
with  
a 101 domestic uses



OUR ROOMS should give us a "welcome," and, as we can see in the living-room featured above, this can be created by the fireplace. By its position and purpose we can form an inviting and interesting group of furniture. The color, texture of materials, and furniture arrangement will give the necessary feeling of unity, harmony, interest, and variety which makes the perfect whole.

## PLAN FIRST... then furnish or refurnish

By NORA S. McDOUGALL

Graduate in Interior Decoration,  
New York; Lecturer in Home  
Decoration to the Army  
Education Service.

● Our home should be a place where family and friends can feel a welcome. It must have in its interior, no matter what door is opened, unity, harmony, interest, and variety. These are the things which give, both to the inside and out, personality and individuality.

THE decorating of our houses is just as essential as the building of them, because it is so important to our well-being. The outside is, broadly speaking, only the skin of the fruit by which the neighbors see and judge us.

It is the comfort of the inside that makes us happy and relaxed.

The choice of color and design will create for us a peaceful or restless atmosphere.

The installation of good working equipment can give more leisure to the members of the household, and by the smooth-working process take away years of drudgery.

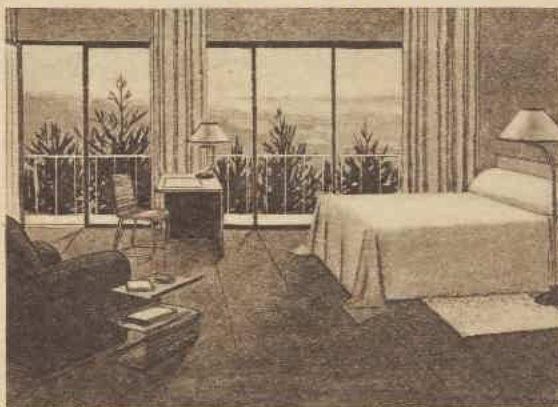
To furnish—or refurnish—a home tastefully does not call for extremes in money, color sense, and originality. All it needs is commonsense and practical ideas.

Let your watchword be: Unity, harmony, interest, and variety.

To obtain this ideal for the whole house, with its floor space divided into rooms, both exterior and interior should have main characteristics or features which, by their importance, hold all the decoration together.

We may commence by making the windows this principal feature.

We can bring the "inside" out to



EVEN IN OUR BEDROOMS we can have the effect of "sleeping under the stars" by the use of large windows taking in the whole wall, as shown in the picture above. Privacy may be maintained and light subdued by the drawing of heavily lined curtains. Quietness and rest are obtained by the simplicity of the scheme.

become part of the garden, or the "outside" in, so that from the opening of the window we are able to see a lovely panorama set like a picture in a frame, an asset to be made the most of.

If we have no view, it may be the fireplace that will give us this focal point from which to begin our decorating.

In a bedroom it is, generally, the bed that creates this feature, because a bed is for sleeping—the object of the room. The same may be said of the dining-room and its table—the table is the focal point of the room.

But whatever it is, it must be large and important.

When we have chosen this main feature, then we can give thought to secondary features, such as chairs, tables, and rugs. The accessories come last, yet they have a very vital part to play in the personality of the room. They are the accents of color or interest that can do so much for a room to make it "live."

For the actual furnishing of our house, what we choose for a flat in a city, or a house in the suburbs,

may not always be appropriate for the home in the country, although the principles by which we select these goods are the same.

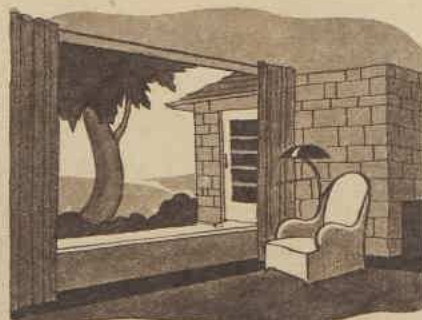
Many of us, although we would not admit it, build a home, or furnish one, in order to impress our friends, but if the home or the furniture and furnishings are out of keeping with our way of living, then we will not acquire a reputation for good taste.

Generally speaking, we expect our soft furnishings to last seven years—that is a good average—and, of course, carpets and case furniture many, many years more.

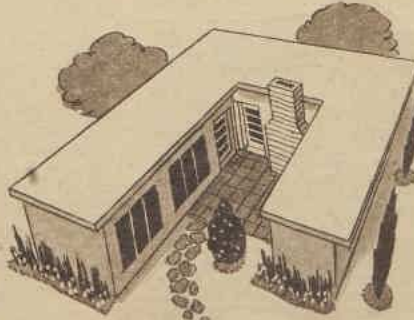
There are very few of us in Australia who can afford or even want to be in the forefront of fashion, choose things only of moment.

The majority of us are in the seven-year class, and so we must choose our homes and decorations according to the amount of money in our pockets, and where and how we live.

In my next article I will discuss the choice and arrangement of focal points or main features of decoration which give our rooms character.



FRAMING THE VIEW: Here is a living-room with windows the focal point of the room. Glass wall can be as cheap as bricks—or cheaper. Consider this when planning or refurnishing your home.



PLANNING YOUR HOME? This is the kind of house our Home Decorator favors for pleasant living in town or country, with its rooms opening on to a private patio or courtyard—and windows by the yard!



Beware of  
the clothes  
you wear

PROTECT YOUR  
NATURAL SWEET SELF  
WITH THE NEW  
FAST-ACTING  
ODO-RO-NO

It's dressing that starts perspiration trouble, clothes do the rest, they catch and hold perspiration odour.

Prevent perspiration trouble before it begins; use the new fast-acting cream Odo-ro-no, a snowy-white, smooth cream. It does not turn gritty in the jar. Does not irritate skin, nor harm the finest fabrics.



**ODO-RO-NO**  
CREAM DEODORANT

Peggy Sage

Exclusive  
Manicure



## Asthma Curbed in 3 Minutes

Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, and ruin your health. In 3 minutes Mendaco—the prescription of a famous doctor—circulates through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day brings free, easy breathing and restful sleep. No doses, no smokes, no injections. Just take pleasant, tasteless Mendaco tablets at meals and get relief from Asthma and Bronchitis in next to no time, even though you may have suffered for years. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

**Mendaco**  
Relieves Asthma... Now 6/- and 12/-

## Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches, and Colds, Dizziness, Cries under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicines can't help much, because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles by removing cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Get Cystex from your chemist or store. The Guarantee protects you. New in 2 sizes: 4/-, 8/-.

**Cystex**

Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.



# Accent on Cheese



By **OLWEN FRANCIS**  
Food and Cookery Expert to  
The Australian Women's Weekly

**B**ECAUSE of its high food value, its comparatively low cost, its appetising flavor, and its adaptability in combining with other foods, cheese is an invaluable help towards adequate family meals.

It is perhaps the most satisfactory of all meat substitutes. Beef and mutton contain less than half the protein and fat value of an equal weight of cheese, and less than one-third the caloric value.

In buying cheese for the family, it is well to vary the flavor as frequently as possible. There is a wide variety of flavors on the Australian cheese market. Cottage cheese, retail or home-made variety, is easily flavored by the addition of herbs or condiments.

For easy digestion, cheese is best grated or dissolved in cooking in a mildly alkaline solution (add a pinch of bicarbonate of soda to every lb. grated cheese). Dessert cheese and salad cheese should be masticated well; the practice of serving dry cracker biscuits with cheese promotes this process.

A low temperature is essential for all cheese cookery: high temperature and overcooking toughen cheese, rendering it less digestible. When melting cheese for a sauce add about 1 cup milk to 1 cup grated cheese and melt over boiling water.

In the salad, cheese pairs with any

vegetable. It is also interesting with apples, pineapple, pears, dates, prunes, and figs. The delicate sweetness of any fruit in season can be given tantalising new flavor when paired with almost any type of cheese.

Cheese in pastry is used to give piquancy to the bland flavor of creamed meat, fish, or vegetable fillings. Such dishes as a cream cheese pastry on a creamed fish and oyster pie, a crisp cheese and mustard pastry on a rabbit and mushroom pie, a crumbly cheese pastry, faintly herb-flavored, on a creamed chicken pie are worth talking about.

Cheese sauce, whether a rich melted cheese sauce, a Welsh rarebit sauce, or a cream sauce cheese-flavored, can lift many a dish from mediocrity. Try it over poached smoked fish or creamy white rolls of steamed whiting stuffed with mushrooms, oysters, or prawns. Try it over tender crisp wedges of steamed cabbage, over squares of baked pumpkin or steamed young sweet potatoes.

## CHEESE CROQUETTES

One cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, 2 cups thick white sauce, 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs, dash of cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon water, fine browned breadcrumbs.

Combine cheese, onion, sauce, breadcrumbs, cayenne, and parsley. Heat over boiling water until the cheese has melted; turn out on to a greased dish and cool. Shape in

cakes, rolls, or balls. Dip in beaten egg and water and then coat with crumbs. Deep fry for 1 minute or until golden brown. Serve with a cream sauce flavored with anchovy or with hot tomato puree or with fried tomatoes and greens. About 12 croquettes.

## HOT CHEESE TIMBALES

Four eggs, 2 cups milk, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, pinch powdered sage, 1½ cups grated cheese, 1 cup cooked macaroni, salt and pepper.

Combine beaten eggs, milk, sauce, sage, and grated cheese. Whisk well, add macaroni, and sea-

son with pepper and salt. Turn into six greased custard cups. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) until firm, about 30 minutes. Or cover with greased paper and steam until firm, about 20 minutes. Unmould on hot dish and serve at once. Delicious topped with sautéed mushrooms or with a sauce of sliced tomatoes and onions. For six.

## CHEESE PINWHEELS

One and a half cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 egg, about 1/3rd cup milk, little mixed mustard or chutney, about 1 cup grated cheese.

Sift flour, salt, and cayenne. Rub in butter and mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Roll to rectangular shape about 1½ in. thick. Spread lightly with mustard or chutney. Cover with grated cheese and roll as for swiss roll, moistening long edge to close roll. Cut into sections about 1½ in. thick. Bake in a hot oven (400deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes. Serve freshly made with celery and apple salad, or with casserole of creamed fish or meat.

## TOMATO CHEESE TOAST

One tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 cup chopped, skinned tomato, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 2 eggs, 4 slices toast.

Melt butter, stir in flour, chopped



**SALAD GREENS**, hot or cold vegetables, fruit and brown bread... all go well with cheese for luncheon or meatless dinner.

pepper, and onion. Cook without browning for 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Stir in the tomato. Bring to boiling point, add cheese, salt, and cayenne, and cook over boiling water until the cheese melts. Stir in the slightly beaten egg-yolk, and when the mixture thickens fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Serve on hot toast. For four.

## CHEESESETTES

Small rounds of bread cut ½ in. thick, beaten egg, melted butter, finely grated cheese.

Add 1 tablespoon melted butter to a beaten egg. Dip the bread in this mixture and then roll in grated cheese. Place on a well-greased oven tray and bake in a fairly hot oven (425deg. F.) until delicately browned. Serve hot with cream soups or fricassee or with plain savory omelet.

## CHEESE LAYER PIE

Thin slices of stale bread, thin slices of cheese, pepper and salt milk. Arrange a layer of bread in a buttered pie plate. Season with pepper and salt. A dusting of powdered herbs or a layer of chopped celery may be added. Cover with a layer of sliced cheese. Then add another layer of bread, season and top with cheese. Add enough milk to cover top layer of bread. Bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) until the cheese has melted and the top is delicately browned. Tomatoes and spinach may be served. Serve all piping hot and freshly cooked.

Continued on page 35





## Accent on Health

Keep your children free from constipation and you are taking the first step towards keeping them healthy. Nyal Figsen is a safe, pleasant-tasting laxative that acts gently yet thoroughly. No pain or discomfort. Kids like taking Figsen. One-half to one tablet at bedtime will act in the morning. For adults, too, Figsen is the ideal laxative. Available at all chemists—24 tablets—1/3.

**Nyal Figsen**  
THE GENTLE LAXATIVE



**Cake Decorating for Beginners**  
Teaches Wedding, Xmas, and Birthday Cake Ornamenting, Flowers, Recipes, etc. Over 20 Illustrations, 30 Sections.  
FOR COPY, 15/6. POST FREE.  
**MAIL SALES CO.**  
111 Rensley Street (P.O. Box 13),  
LAKEMBA, N.S.W.

## Backache, Leg Pains May Be Danger Sign Of Tired Kidneys

Backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people eliminate about 2 pints a day. If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may cause backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, disturbed nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or poor kidney action sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't delay! Ask your chemist or doctor for Dr. Williams' Backache Kidney Pills, a stimulant, diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Don't give up. Give this and it will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes eliminate poisonous waste from the blood. Get Dr. Williams' Backache Kidney Pills.

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥  
**Staisweet**  
protects you against all  
risk of offending  
**Staisweet**  
gives you confidence  
and natural charm  
**Staisweet**  
The Deodorant Cream  
You can trust!  
♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

The Australian Women's Weekly—April 13, 1946



ATTRACTIVE LUNCHEON DISH: Baked stuffed marrow, sliced and dressed with tomatoes, whole beans, and rolled cabbage leaves.

## Spiced with variety

- Rabbit squares with mushroom sauce, egg-plant chowder, Danish patty-cakes, and a vegetable supper dish—these win prizes.

**SAVORY rabbit squares** could become a super luncheon dish by substituting chicken for rabbit.

Use apricot jam, marmalade, or apple jelly for the Danish patty-cakes... try a topping of marsh-mallow instead of the mock cream.

### SAVORY RABBIT SQUARES

One young rabbit, pinch of herbs, slice of onion, 2 cups fine white breadcrumbs, 1 cup cooked spaghetti (or rice when available), 1 or 2 eggs, small chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon melted shortening, 3 cups rabbit liquor, pepper, salt.

For the Sauce: One tablespoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup stock, 1 cup milk, pepper, salt, 1 cup prepared mushrooms, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Simmer rabbit in water with salt, herbs, and a slice of onion until quite tender and flesh is ready to leave bones. Reserve the stock. Remove flesh from bones and cut into dice. Combine rabbit meat, breadcrumbs, cooked spaghetti (or rice), beaten eggs, chopped onions, melted shortening, pepper, salt, and 3 cups of rabbit stock. Place in a greased ovenproof dish and bake in a slow oven for 1 hour. Serve cut in squares with mushroom sauce.

**Mushroom Sauce:** Melt fat, add mushrooms, cook 2 or 3 minutes, stirring frequently. Blend flour with some of the stock, add balance of stock and milk, salt and pepper. Stir into mushrooms. Simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Add lemon juice carefully and serve hot.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. L. Paul, 30 Winifred St., Adelaide.

### DANISH PATTY-CAKES

One cup self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, pinch salt.

**Filling:** Two tablespoons jam, 2 tablespoons currants (or chopped raisins or sultanas), 2 tablespoons crushed nuts, 1 tablespoon sugar, juice of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, cherries.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg. Sift flour and salt and fold into mixture, making a dry biscuit dough. Turn on to a floured board, knead slightly, and roll thinly. Cut into rounds and line patty-tins. Combine ingredients for filling and place a spoonful in each patty-case. Bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) 12 to 15 minutes. When cold top with mock cream and cherries.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Wilton, Box 18, Post Office, Benboka, N.S.W.

### EGG-PLANT CHOWDER

Three small egg-plants, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon flour, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon an-

chovy sauce, 1 dessertspoon finely minced bacon.

Peel egg-plants, cut into dice. Simmer in milk with bacon, salt and pepper until very soft, 15 to 20 minutes. Remove from fire and strain. Blend flour with a little milk, stir into other ingredients, bring to boil, and simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Add butter, anchovy sauce, and few pieces of the cooked egg-plant. Serve very hot with fried croutons or crisp toast fingers.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Connachie, 12 Arthur St., Double Bay, N.S.W.

### SAVORY CABBAGE SHAPE

Two cups shredded cabbage, 1 egg, 1 cooked pig's cheek, 1 1/2 tablespoons flour, 2 apples, salt, pepper, 3 tablespoons breadcrumbs.

Chop meat finely, add flour, pepper, salt, and beaten egg. Peel and dice apples. Grease a pudding mould, sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Place meat mixture, diced apples, shredded cabbage into mould in alternate layers—starting and finishing with meat mixture. Press down, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, cover with greased paper, steam 1 1/2 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. Sheridan, 51 Dumbarton St., North Sydney, N.S.W.

## Accent on Cheese

Continued from page 34

### RAREBIT SAUCE FOR FISH

One tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon mustard, 1 cup milk, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 egg, paprika.

Melt butter in double saucepan. Stir in flour, salt, mustard. When smooth stir in milk. When thickened add cheese and stir until melted. Add beaten egg and cook over boiling water two minutes longer. Pour over fish and sprinkle with paprika.

### CHEESE AND CORN SOUFFLE

One tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 cups milk, 1 cup grated cheese, 2 cups sweet corn, 1/2 teaspoon salt, dash of cayenne pepper, 2 or 3 drops Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped red capsicum or parsley, 4 eggs.

Melt butter and stir in flour. Gradually blend in milk, and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Add cheese, stirring until melted. Add corn, seasonings, and capsicum. Beat in egg-yolks, and lastly fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into a greased soufflé dish or ovenproof dish, stand in a dish of hot water, and bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for about 30 minutes, or until lightly browned, firm to touch.



**CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT NOW NO TROUBLE**

Prove this with BIDOMAX in 14 days, or no cost!

Extra minerals in BIDOMAX create new, rich, red blood, build up appetite, renew vigour, help children to sleep well and cope fully with work at school and play at home.

## BLOOD STARVED FOR MINERALS

Your blood stream brings nourishment and life-giving oxygen to the tissues, contains chemical substances vitally essential to every organ, cell, nerve, bone and tissue in your body. A mineral deficiency in the blood stream is a basic cause of many ills, including that group of disorders which we call "nerve troubles": weakness, lassitude, jumpiness, irritability, "depressed feeling", brain fog, inability to concentrate, some common forms of headache and stomach troubles.

## NATURAL WAY TO HEALTH

When these minerals are supplied the results of mineral deficiency disappear and health returns. The scientist who perfected BIDOMAX combined in it the glycerophosphates and phosphates of iron, calcium, sodium and potassium. Then he added catalytic copper, and manganese salts in an approved form, to speed up the activity of the others and make them easier still to assimilate.

"THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY."

**Bidomax**

FOR NERVES, BRAIN AND THAT

Supplies will again become available when present restrictions are removed.

**EVAN WILSON**  
shampoo  
the hair

## Stuart Crystal

It won't be very long now, we hope, before the sparkle of Stuart Crystal returns again to your table. This lovely English cut glass adds such graciousness to living and makes a wedding present that every bride treasures all her life through. Soon, it will be back, in charming new designs and many old favourites.



STUART & SONS LTD., STOURBRIDGE, ENGLAND.  
Australia: L. J. Walters & Co., Tasmania House,  
Flinders Lane, Melbourne. 210, Clarence St., Sydney.





THE AUSTRALIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY.